ZION'S GLAD SONGS

No. 2.

FOR ALL

...CHRISTIAN GATHERINGS...

BY

M. L. McPHAIL

PRICE 10 CENTS. (5d)

Published by

K. McPHAIL

806 W. 67th St., Chicago, Ills.

OLD THEOLOGY QUART'LY

— FOR THE —

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ALEXIS MONTEIRO

To the Dear Friends of the Truth.

In sending out ZION'S GLAD SONGS No. 2, it is hoped that the selections included therein will be found to contain "meat in due season to the household of faith."

In compiling this little book the author has had in view the times in which we are living and the troubles, trials, and discouragements with which the saints are and will be encompassed; and he has therefore introduced such songs as will be specially suitable to those conditions; songs, which, he believes, will be instrumental in God's hands in encouraging, strengthening, upbuilding, and establishing the Lord's dear people—thus helping them to surmount all difficulties to which they will be subject.

Two or three songs requested by a number of friends could not be procured from the publishers at any price.

May this little book assist in strengthening and comforting your hearts, is the prayer of Your brother and fellow-servant,

M. L. McPHAIL.

NOTE:—All orders for Zion's Glad Songs No. 2 should be sent directly to

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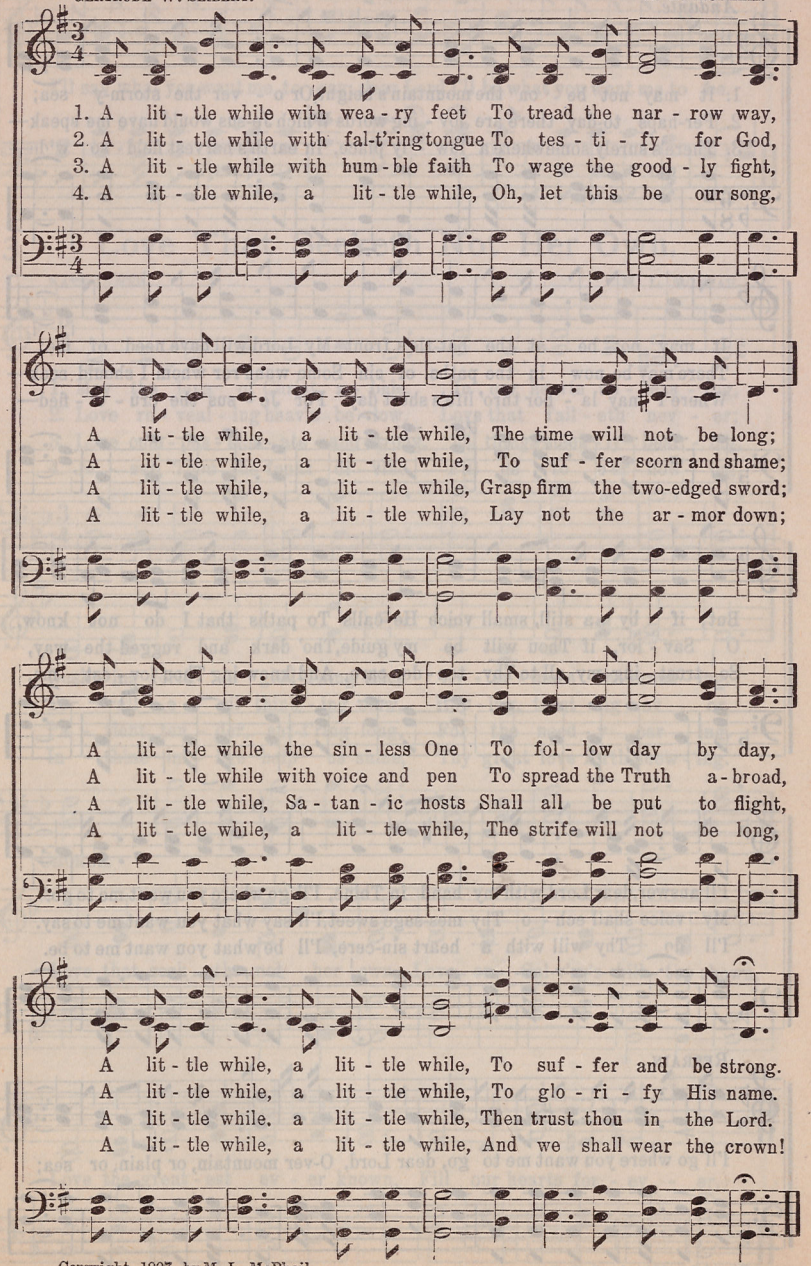
A Little While.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. McPHAIL.



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2 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest field so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. By per.

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go. Concluded.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

3 Love That Seeketh Not Her Own.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. May the love of Christ a - bide, In our hearts un - ceas - ing,
2. Love re - veal - ing heav'n be - low, Love that fail - eth nev - er;
3. Love com - pas - sion - ate and strong, All things meek - ly bear - ing,
4. Je - sus, Thou the fount di - vine, Fill us to o'er - flow - ing,

Gush - ing forth a glad-d'ning tide, Ev - er - more in - creas - ing.
To all e - vil think - ing slow, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er.
Pa - tient, ten - der, suf-f'ring long, For the need - y car - ing.
In thine im - age help us shine, Thy great love forth-show - ing.

CHORUS.

Love that seek - eth not her own, Love on Cal-v'ry's hill - top shown,

Love the great - est ev - er known, Fill our hearts for - ev - er.

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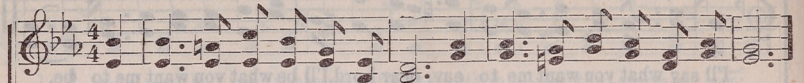
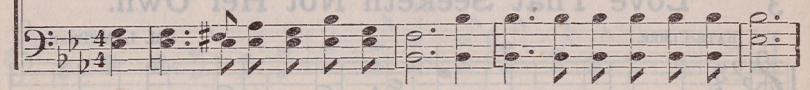
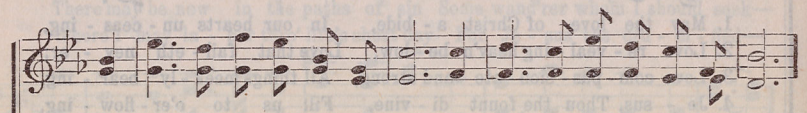
I've Found an Anchor.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

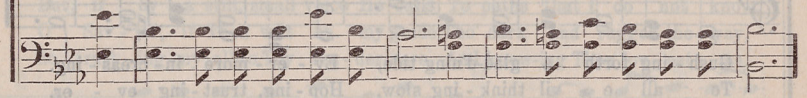


1. I've found an an-chor for my soul, That will not move tho' bil-lows roll;
2. Long time I sailed the o-cean wide, A-drift with ev-'ry wind and tide;
3. The tides oft-times my ca-bles strain, But seek to send the strands in vain;
4. And should my soul e'er be a-fraid The bless-ed cov'nant He hath made;
5. The har-bor lights are gleaming bright, They beck-on to the port of light;

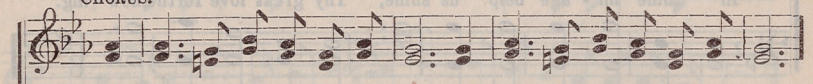




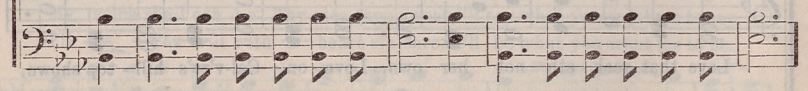
The storms may rage, the tempests blow, My ca-bles but the stronger grow.
But now with an-chor safe-ly cast, I do not fear the strongest blast.
My Sav-ior holds them in His hand, And thus the dan-ger they withstand.
And hath confirmed with oath di-vine Bids ev-'ry fear its hold re-sign.
And soon, ah, soon I'll en-ter there And an-chor in its wa-ters fair.

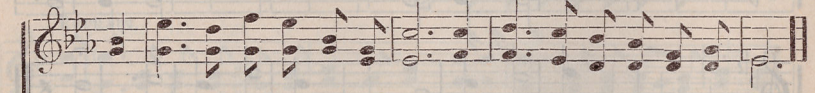


CHORUS.

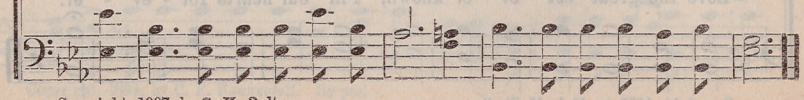


The bless-ed hope my Lord hath giv'n, That I shall see His face in heav'n;





And there like Him shall ev-er be, This is my an-chor on life's sea.



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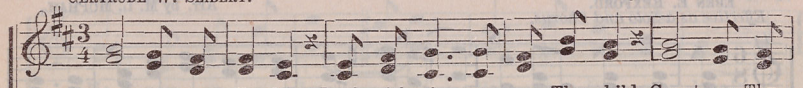
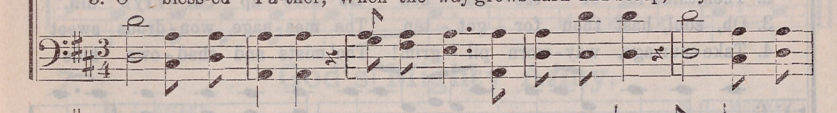
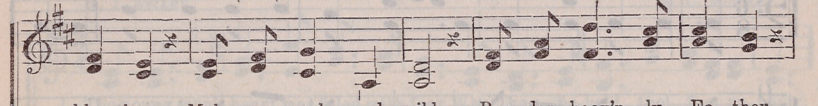
O Gracious Father.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

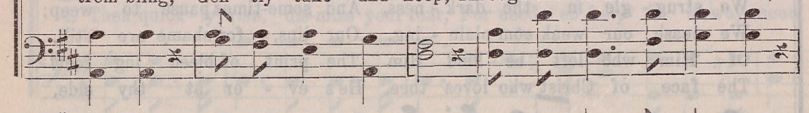


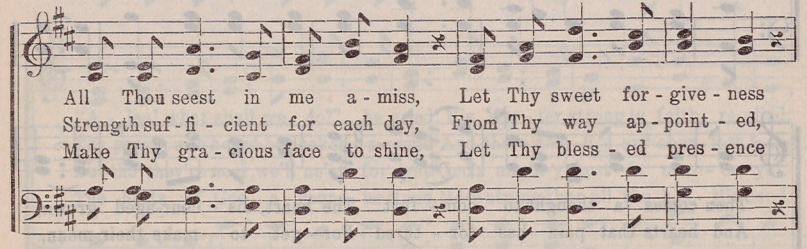
1. O gra-cious Fa-ther, Look with pit-y on Thy child, Grant me Thy
2. Help me, O Fa-ther, To ful-fill Thy ho-ly will, In-to this
3. O bless-ed Fa-ther, When the way grows dark and steep, My hand so





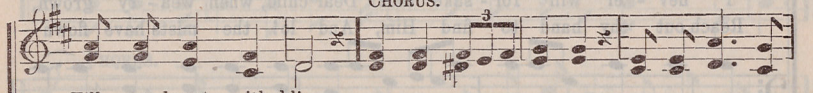
bless-ing, Make me meek and mild. Par-don, heav'n-ly Fa-ther,
cold heart Heav'n-ly warmth in-still. Give me, bless-ed Fa-ther,
trem-bling, Gen-tly take and keep; Through the cloud and shad-ow,



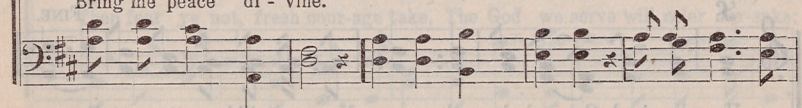


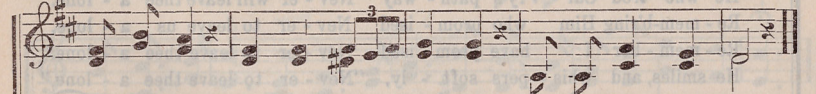
All Thou seest in me a-miss, Let Thy sweet for-give-ness
Strength suf-fi-cient for each day, From Thy way ap-point-ed,
Make Thy gra-cious face to shine, Let Thy bless-ed pres-ence

CHORUS.

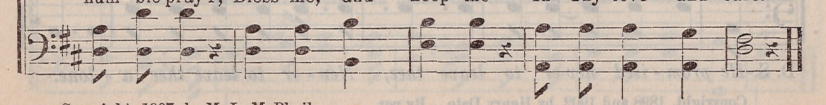


Fill my heart with bliss.
Let me nev-er stray. Gra-cious, heav'nly Fa-ther, Hear, O hear my
Bring me peace di-vine.





hum-ble pray'r; Bless me, and keep me In Thy love and care.



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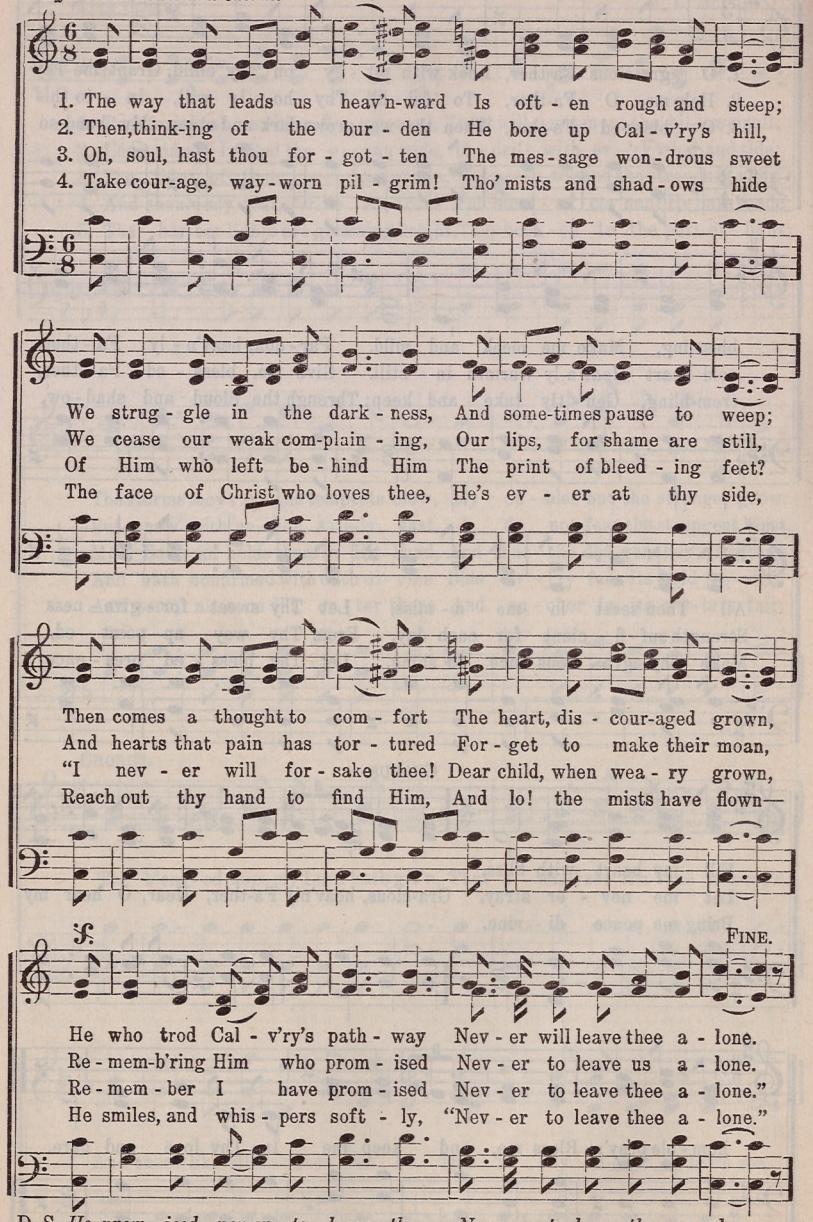
Never Alone.

EBEN E. REXFORD.
Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.



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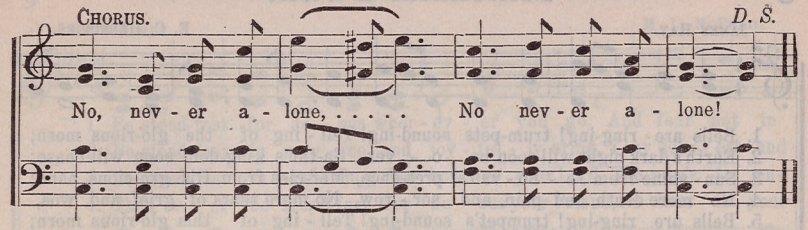
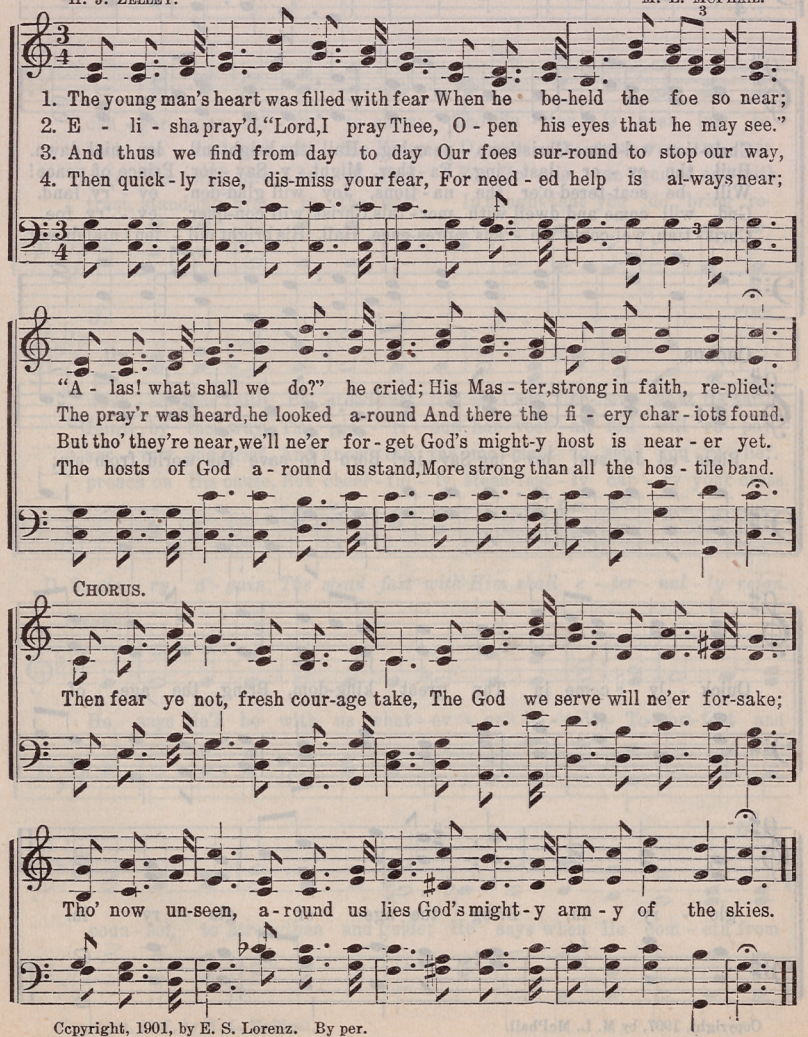
Never Alone. Concluded.



God's Mighty Army.

H. J. ZELLEY.

M. L. McPHAIL.



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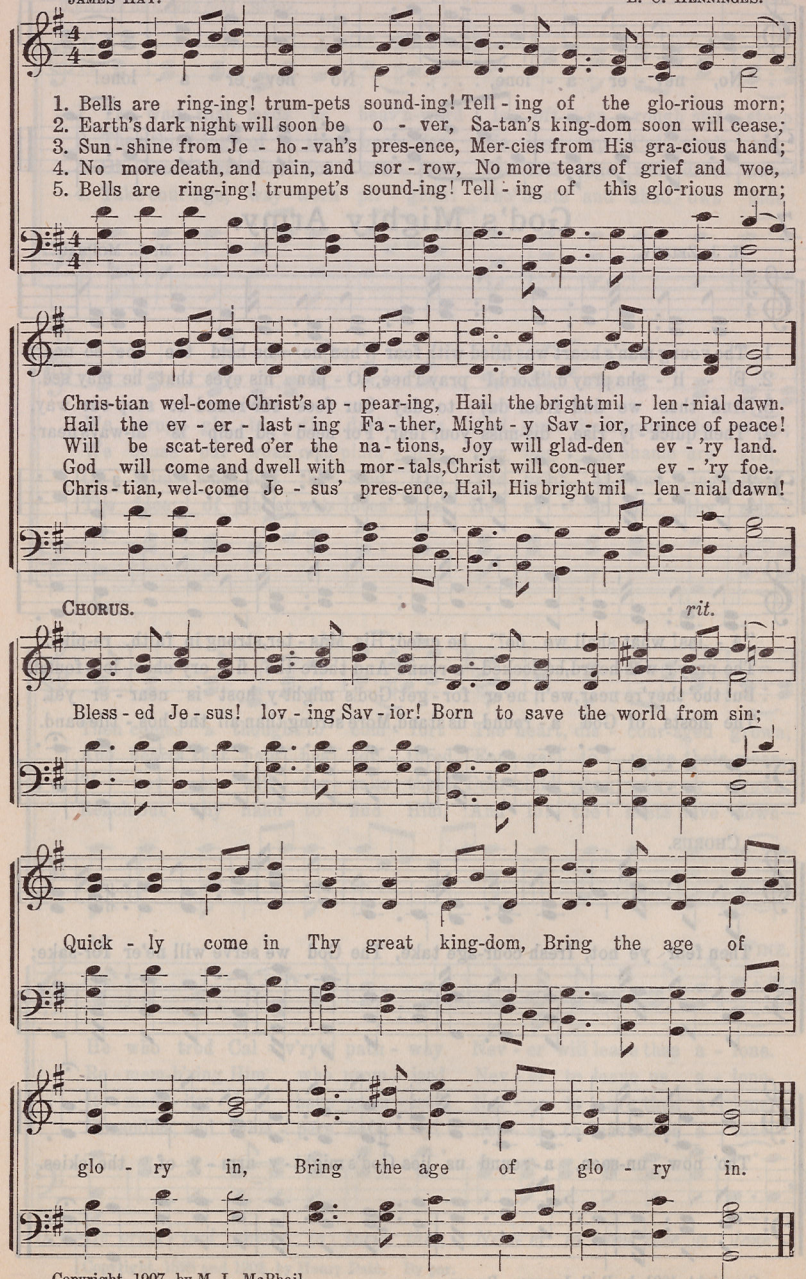
Millennial Dawn.

JAMES HAY. E. C. HENNINGES.



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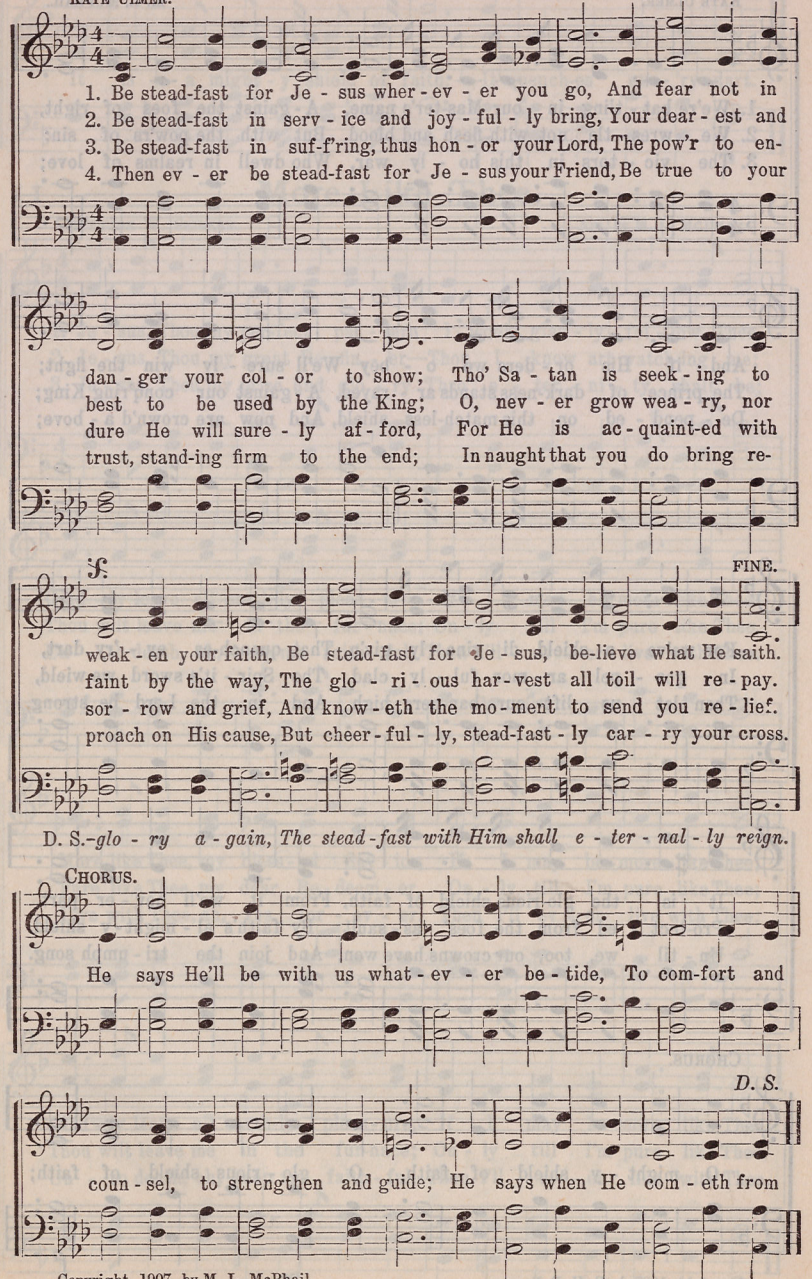
Be Steadfast.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.



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10 The Mighty Shield of Faith.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. We're bat - tling in our Mas-ter's name, A - gainst the foes of right,
2. We wres - tle not with flesh and blood, But with the pow'rs of sin:
3. The vic - tors in this ho - ly war, Who dwell in realms of love;

And if His or - ders we o - bey We'll sure - ly win the fight;
The prince of dark-ness stands ar - rayed, A - gainst our conq'ring King;
De - pend - ed on this match-less shield, And now are crown'd a - bove;

For we've a shield di - vine - ly giv'n, That quench-es ev - 'ry dart,
In gos - pel ar - mor ful - ly clad, The Spir - it's sword we wield,
Then let us lift our ban-ners high And in the Lord be strong,

It is the glo-rious shield of faith, From it we'll nev - er part.
Pro-tect - ed from the foes' as - sault By faith's al - might - y shield.
Un - til we, too, our crowns have won, And join the tri - umph song.

CHORUS.

O might - y shield of faith, O glo - rious shield of faith;

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The Mighty Shield of Faith. Concluded.

It is a might - y shield of faith, It quench-es ev - 'ry dart.

11 More Like Thee.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Je - sus, Thou my per-fect pat - tern I would glad - ly fol - low Thee,
2. Je - sus, Thou my great Re - fin - er—Thou, I know art watch-ing me;
3. Je - sus, Thou my prize and glo - ry Thro' e - ter - ni - ty shalt be;

Glad - ly leave all earth-ly pleas - ure, If I may be more like Thee!
Thou wilt leave me in the fur - nace; On - ly till I'm pure like Thee.
Un - to death, oh, keep me faith - ful, Then I'll ev - er live with Thee.

More like Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, If I may be more like Thee;
Pure like Thee, my dear Re - deem - er, On - ly till I'm pure like Thee;
Live with Thee, ah, yes for - ev - er, Then I'll ev - er live with Thee;

Glad - ly leave all earth-ly pleas - ure, If I may be more like Thee.
Thou wilt leave me in the fur-nace; On - ly till I'm pure like Thee.
Un - to death, oh, keep me faith - ful, Then I'll ev - er live with Thee.

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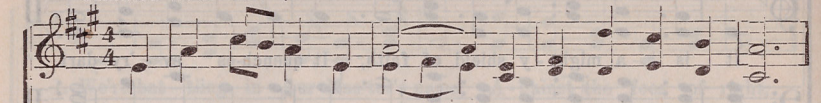
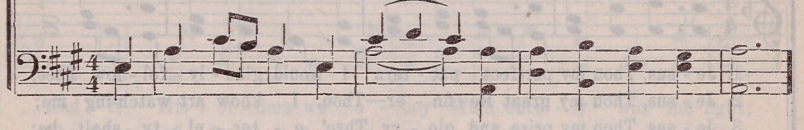
Stand Firm, Be Not Afraid.

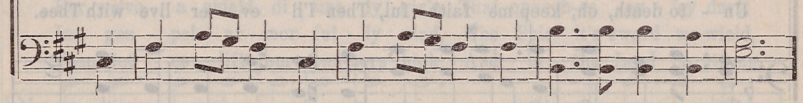
GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. (4th and 5th verses added.) M. L. MCPHAIL.



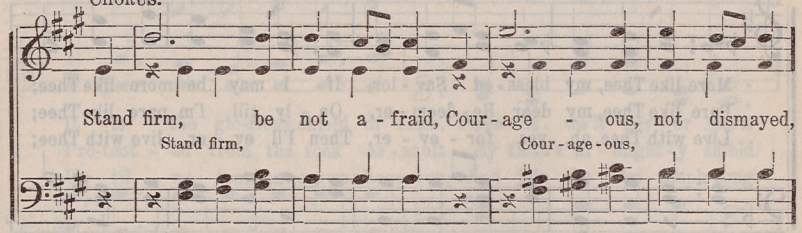
1. Ye sol - diers of the cross, Why should ye doubt or fear?
2. Lay hold up - on the sword, Turn not to left or right,
3. Be brave, be firm, be strong, Be fear - less in the fight,
4. We soon shall see the day When all our toils shall cease;
5. This hope sup - ports us here; It makes our bur - dens light;



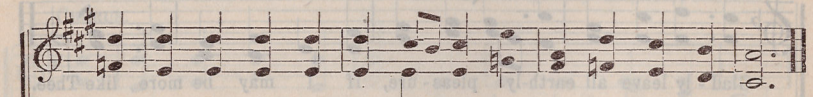
Ye can - not know de - feat or loss, With Christ. our Cap - tain, near.
And stand - ing fast up - on His word, Be vic - tors thro' His might.
The night of bat - tle may seem long, But sweet the morn-ing's light.
When we shall cast our arms a - way, And dwell in end - less peace.
'Twill serve our droop-ing hearts to cheer, Till faith shall end in sight.



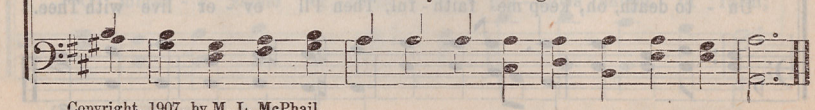
CHORUS.



Stand firm, be not a - fraid, Cour - age - ous, not dismayed,
Stand firm, Cour - age - ous,



For one with God must al - ways win A - gainst the hosts of sin.



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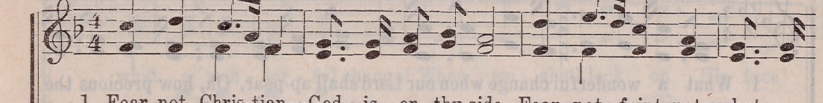
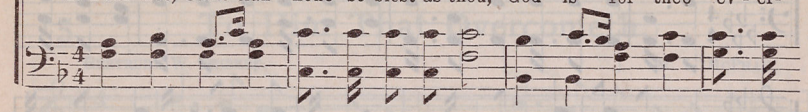
Fear Not, Christian.

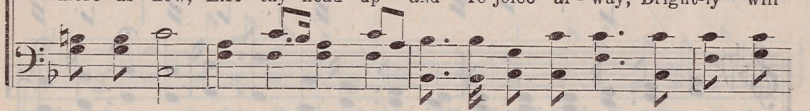
F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. MCPHAIL.



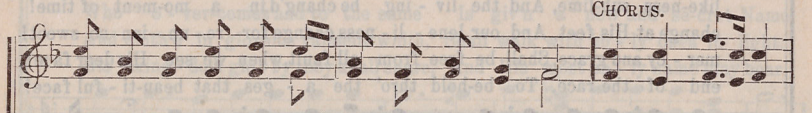
1. Fear not, Chris-tian—God is on thy side, Fear not, faint not, what - so-
2. Fear not, Chris-tian—trust His rod and staff, All God's mer - cies are in
3. Fear not, Chris-tian—all things are for you, Dai - ly mer - cies, rich - es
4. Fear not, Chris-tian—none so blest as thou, God is for thee ev - er-



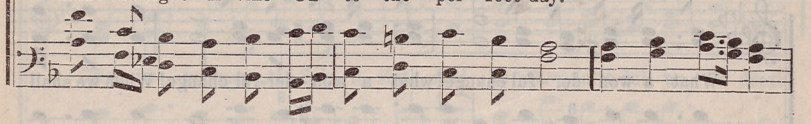
e'er be - tide, Look a - bove thee at the welk-in blue, His prom - ise
thy be - half; Take no tho't for mor-rows yet to come, For He will
grand and true, Claim thy por - tion with a thank-ful heart, Thy great-est
more as now, Lift thy head up and re-joice al - way, Bright-ly will



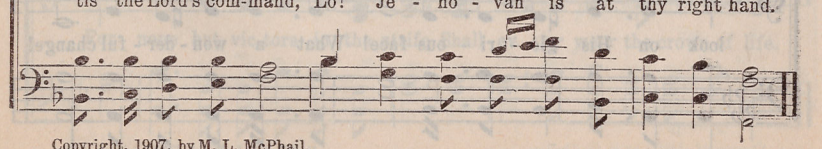
CHORUS.



bow is all a - glow With hope and cheer for you.
keep His trust-ing sheep And bring them all safe home. Fear not, fear not
needs God's grace exceeds, Which free-ly He'll im-part.
shine the light di - vine Un - to the per - fect day.



'tis the Lord's com-mand, Lo! Je - ho - vah is at thy right hand.



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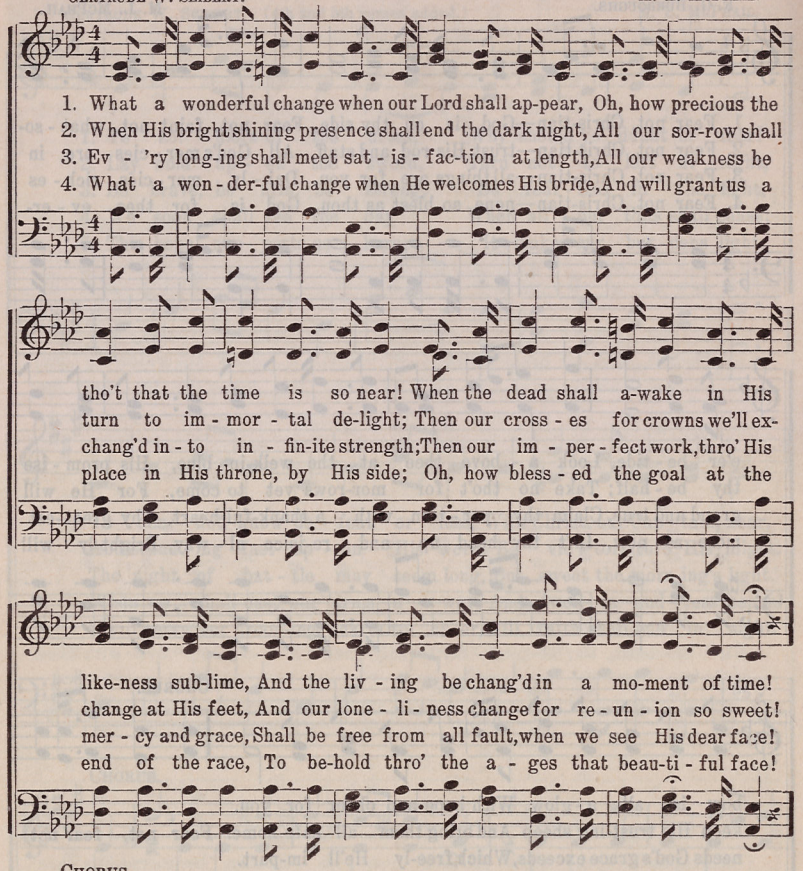
14 What a Wonderful Change!

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.



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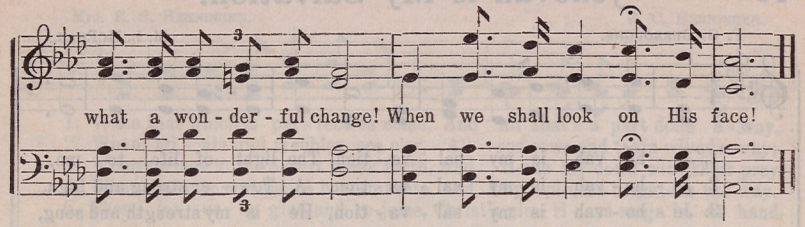
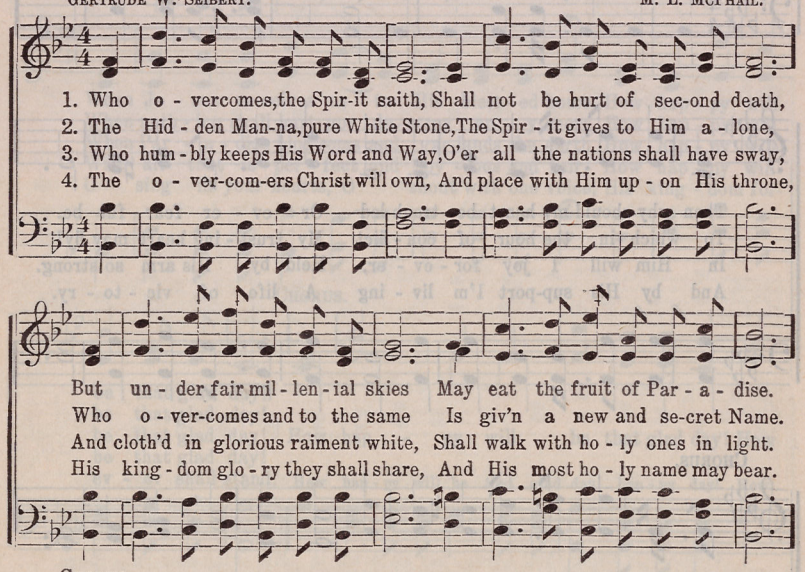
What a Wonderful Change! Concluded.



15 To Him That Overcometh.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.



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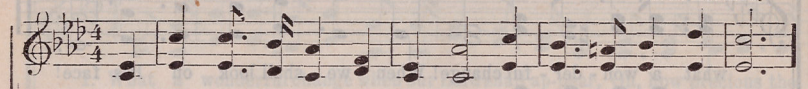
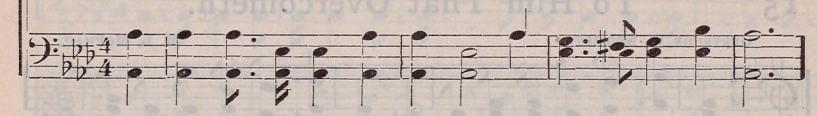
16 Jehovah is My Salvation.

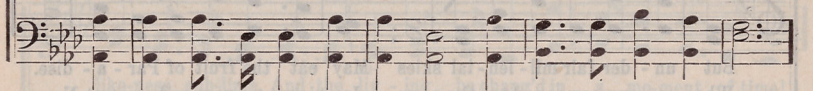
F. G. Burroughs. M. L. McPhail.



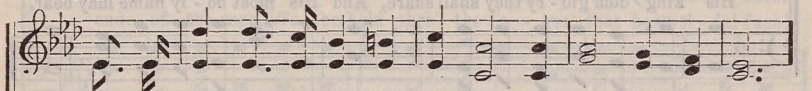
1. Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, The light of life to me,
2. Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, A Tow - er strong and high,
3. Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, He is my strength and song,
4. Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, My all in all is He;



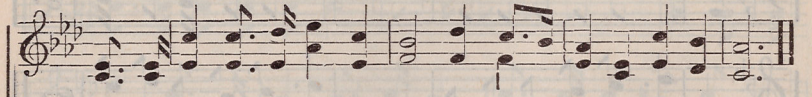
Then why should my heart be troub-led Or ev - er fear - ful be.
To which in the hour of con - flict My trust - ing heart may fly!
In Him will I joy for - ev - er, Held by His arm so strong.
And by His sup-port I'm liv - ing A life of vic - to - ry.



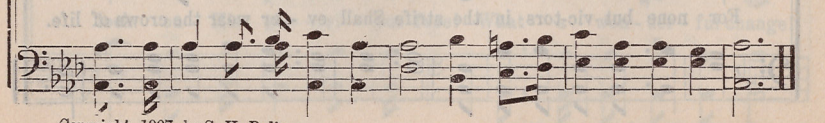
Chorus.



Though a host should en-camp a - gainst me, Yet, I will not fear;



For Je - ho - vah is my sal - va - tion, And He is ev - er near.



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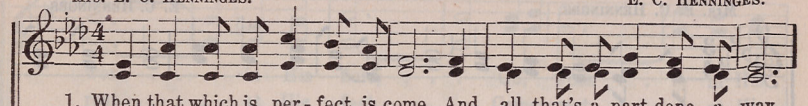
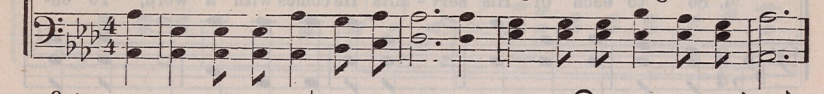
17 How Happy Will Be That Glad Day.

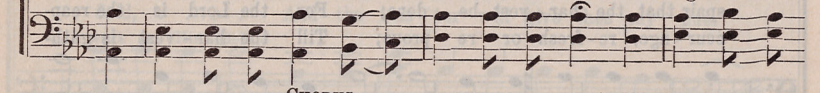
Mrs. E. C. Henninges. E. C. Henninges.



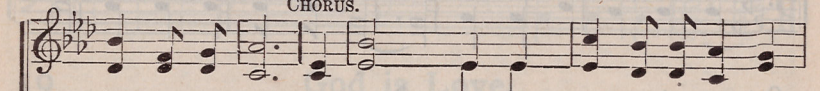
1. When that which is per - fect is come, And all that's a part done a - way,
2. When tri - als and troubles are o'er, All sor-rows and tears wiped a-way;
3. When springs in the desert break forth, And li-ons lay down with their prey,
4. When pleasure and peace hasten there, And hap - pi-ness brightens the way,
5. Then let us be glad and re-joice, Christ's glo - ri - ous reign is at hand.



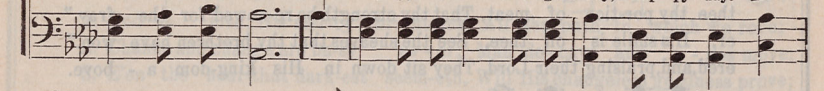
When Je - sus re-ceives us to His bless - ed home, How hap - py will
When noth - ing shall hurt nor de - stroy an - y more, How hap - py will
When Par - a - dise blos-soms and gar-lands the earth, How hap - py will
With all that is per - fect and joy - ous and fair, How hap - py will
O sing in your hearts, O shout with one voice, His king - dom for-



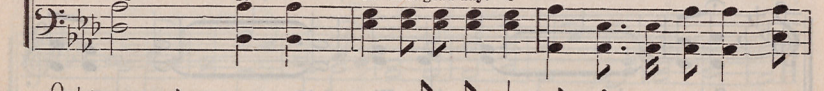
Chorus.



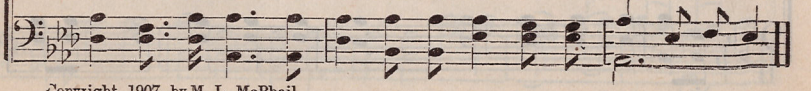
be that glad day!
be that glad day!
be that glad day! How hap - py will be that glad day! How
be that glad day!
ev - er shall stand. How hap - py will be that glad day, hap - py day! How



hap - py will be that glad day! O sing, hal - le - lu - jah! O
hap - py will be that glad day! O



shout, praise the Lord! How hap - py will be that glad day!
hap - py day!



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18 The Master and His Servants.

Mrs. E. C. Henninges, E. C. Henninges.

1. To the i - dler He says, "Go, work in my field; For the
2. To the toil - er He says, "Come, rest at my feet, There are
3. To the down-cast He says, "Cast thy care up - on me, Nor de-
4. So to each of His serv - ants He comes with a word, To en-

har - vest is great, la-b'rers few; To thy sick - le the fruit
yet ma - ny hours in the day; I have brought to re - fresh
spair that the har - vest be done; For the Lord is the reap-
cour - age, re - fresh or re - prove; Till the har - vest is gath-

of the sea-son shall yield, And the Mas - ter will give thee thy due."
thee thy por-tion of meat, That thy strength be re-newed for the fray."
er, His smile is on thee, See the sheaves that thy brethren have won."
ered, and, praising their Lord, They sit down in His king-dom a - bove.

Refrain.

Go, work . . . . . in His field, ... Go,
Come rest . . . . . at His feet, ... Come,
Cast thy care . . . . . up - on Him, ... Cast thy
Go, work . . . . . in His field, ... Go,
work in His field, Go, work in His field,

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The Master and His Servants. Concluded.

work . . . in His field, . . . Go, work . . . in His
rest . . . at His feet, . . . Come, rest . . . at His
care . . . up - on Him, . . . Cast thy care . . . up - on
work . . . in His field, . . . Go, work . . . in His
work in His field, Go, work in His field. Go, work in His field, Go

field, ... And the Mas - ter will give thee thy due.
feet, ... That thy strength be re-newed for the fray.
Him, ... See the sheaves that thy breth-ren have won.
field, ... And the Mas - ter will give thee thy due.
work in His field,

19 God is Love.

1. God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bu-sy ev - er; Man de - cays and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth, Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin-eth Hope and com - fort from a-bove;

Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin-eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

My Greatest Desires.

HENRY J. ZELLEY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. I want to know Je - sus, my Sav - ior so dear, Far bet - ter than
2. I want to be like Him, my Sav - ior and Lord, So pa-tient and
3. I want to see Je - sus in beau - ty ar-rayed, The glo - ri - fied

loved ones be - low; His heart I would find ver - y gra-cious and kind,
ten - der and true: I'd walk as He walked and I'd talk as He talked,
Sav - ior so fair; In man-sions of light, oh, so beau-teous and bright,

CHORUS.

His full - ness of love I would know.
And glad - ly His will I would do. The great - est de - sires of my
I want in His glo - ry to share.

life are these, That I may know Je - sus di-vine, And like Him to

be, His glo - ry to see, And in that bright im - age to shine.

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The Story That Never Grows Old.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Re - fresh-ing and sweet is the sto - ry sub-lime: The mes-sage of
2. The choir of e - ter - ni - ty sang with de - light Good news to the
3. No won - der that an - gels of glo - ry re-joice, O'er sin-ners re-
4. What com-fort un - told for the wea - ry and sad Is found in that
5. Glad song that the ran-somed of Je - sus will sing When judgment has

peace and good will; No oth - er is found on the rec-ords of time,
shep-herds of old, Pro-claim-ing a Sav - ior who scat-ters our night,
pent - ing and saved; Since Je - sus to Cal - va - ry car-ried from choice,
glo - ri - ous theme; His bur - den is eas - y, the mourn-er is glad,
sum-moned the dead; When ju - bi - lee bells of cre - a - tion will ring,

CHORUS.

That can with such hap - pi - ness thrill.
And o - pens the heav - en - ly fold.
The price of His crea-tures en - slaved. The sto - ry that never grows
For Je - sus is strong to re - deem.
And sor - row and sigh - ing are fled.

old; . . . . Tho' o - ver and o - ver 'tis told; . . . . The
nev - er grows old; 'tis told;

a - ges to come will its full-ness un-fold, Sweet sto - ry that never grows old.

Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date. By per.

22 Would You Shine for Jesus?

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

1. Would you shine for Je-sus? Let His love im-part Ar-dor to your
2. Would you shine for Je-sus 'Mid the care-less throng? Im-i-tate His
3. Would you shine for Je-sus As a mir-ror true? Im-age forth His

ac-tions, Com-fort to your heart; With your soul il-lum-ined
grac-es As you pass a-long; Make no weak sur-ren-der
good-ness As re-vealed in you. If you thus re-flect Him

By the Spir-it's glow, You will be a bea-con In this world of woe.
To the coarse and vile; Keep your tongue from e-vil, And your lips from guile.
Till this life is o'er; You will in His kingdom Shine for-ev-er-more.

Chorus.

Shin-ing for Je-sus, Bringing light di-vine To the sad and
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je-sus.

err-ing, Thus for Je-sus shine; Shin-ing for Je-sus,
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je-sus,

Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date. By per.

Would You Shine For Jesus? Concluded.

Bringing light di-vine To the sad and err-ing, Thus for Je-sus shine.

23 Go Forth, Reapers True.

F. G. Burroughs. Arr. by M. L. McPhail.

1. The sow-ing time is o-ver now, The har-vest has be-gun;
2. See that your sick-le's blade is sharp, The time is now at hand;
3. Work with your might while day-light lasts, The night is draw-ing near;
4. Earth's sum-mers will be end-ed soon, Its har-vest sea-son past;

"Bring in my sheaves," the Mas-ter saith, "Go gath-er ev-'ry one!"
Be-loved, the whit-ened fields of grain Be-fore you wait-ing stand.
Pray for more reap-ers while you toil; Your pray'rs the Lord will hear.
Then will be heard that bit-ter cry, "We are un-saved at last!"

Chorus.

Go forth, go forth ye reap-ers bold and true, Go tho' your num-ber few;

In-to God's gar-ner bring the wheat you find, The tares in bun-dles bind.

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My Lord and I.

L. Shorey. M. L. McPhail.

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me, He
2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak, And
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well; But
4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys, I

loves me with such ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly; I could not
as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek; He leads me
with what love He lov-eth me My tongue can nev - er tell; It is an
tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an - noys; He tells me

f

live apart from Him, I love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to - geth-er,
in the paths of light Be-neath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to - geth-er,
ev - er - lasting love, In ev - er rich sup - ply, And so we love each oth - er,
what I ought to do, He tells me what to try, And so we talk to - geth-er,

Fine. Chorus. D. S.

my Lord and I. My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And

5 He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go, and speak
The loving word for Him;
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die,
And so we work together, my Lord and I

6 So up into the mountains
Of heaven's cloudless light,
Or away into the valleys
Of darkness or of night;
Though round us tempests gather
And storms are raging high,
We'll travel on together, my Lord and I.

7 And when the journey's ended
In rest and peace at last,
When every thought of danger
And weariness is past;
In the kingdom of the future,
In the glory by and by,
We'll live and reign together, my Lord and I.

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Be Careful For Nothing.

F. G. Burroughs. M. L. McPhail.

1. Be care - ful for noth-ing, why fret thou my soul? Thy Fa - ther has
2. Be care - ful for noth-ing, then why will you try To car - ry the
3. Be care - ful for noth-ing, how free we may be With God as our
4. Be care - ful for noth-ing, but be of good cheer, Tho' glo - ry to

ev - 'ry - thing un - der con-trol, The night is the same un - to
bur - den He bids you lay by? Con - fide in God's word which has
store-house and our treas - ur - y; He mak - eth the dark - ness as
fol - low doth not yet ap-pear, For now are we sons of the

Him as the day, Then why need I ques - tion when He leads the way.
nev - er fail'd yet, The Fa - ther not one of His own can for - get.
light to our eyes. And gives us the vis - ion of our glo-rious prize.
Al - might - y King, And prais - es un-ceas - ing His chil-dren may sing.

Chorus.

Be care - ful for noth - ing, fear not, lit - tle flock;

God is thy sal - va - tion, thy God is a Rock.

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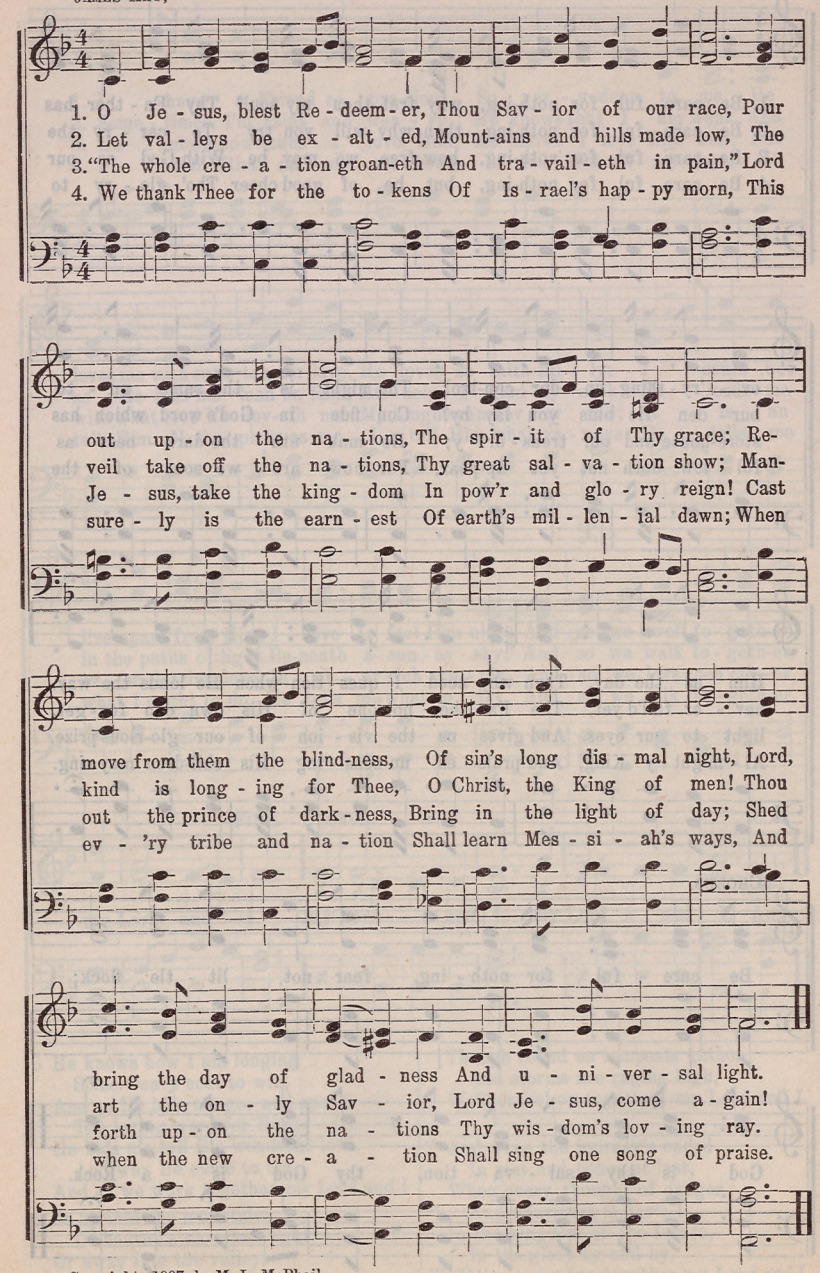
The Desire of All Nations.

JAMES HAY, E. C. HENNINGES.



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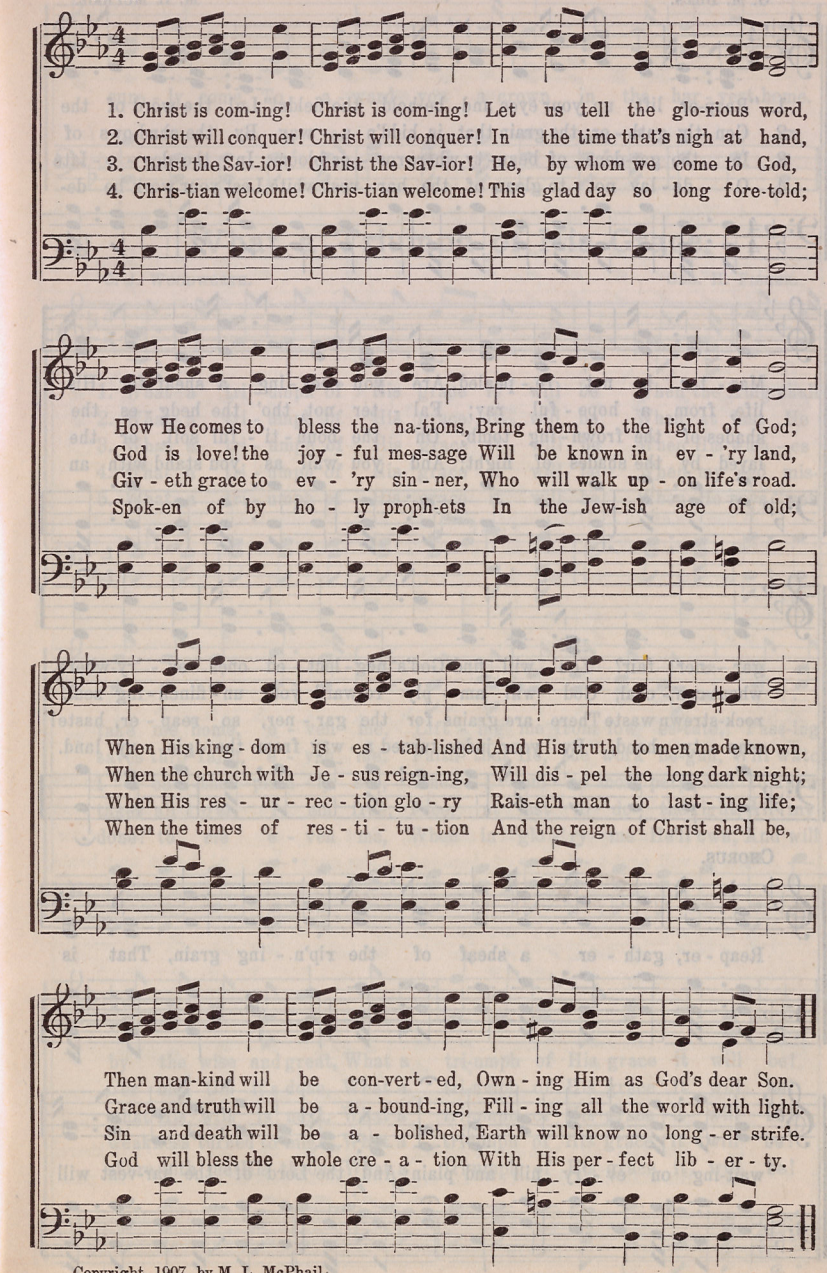
The Hope of the World.

JAMES HAY. E. C. HENNINGES.



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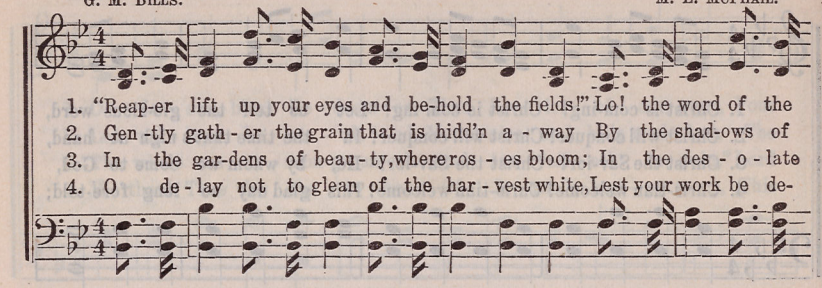
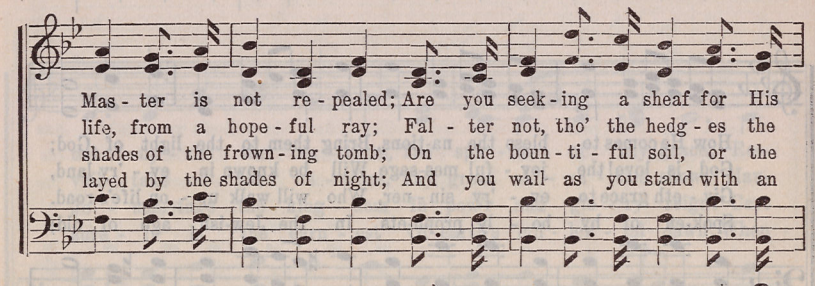
Reaper, Gather a Sheaf!

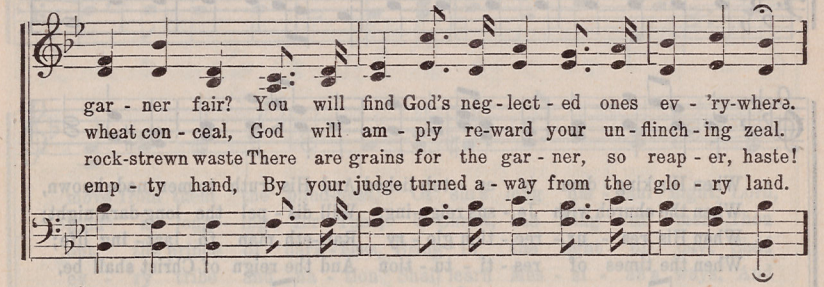
G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.



1. "Reap-er lift up your eyes and be-hold the fields!" Lo! the word of the
2. Gen-tly gath-er the grain that is hidd'n a-way By the shad-ows of
3. In the gar-dens of beau-ty, where ros-es bloom; In the des-o-late
4. O de-lay not to glean of the har-vest white, Lest your work be de-

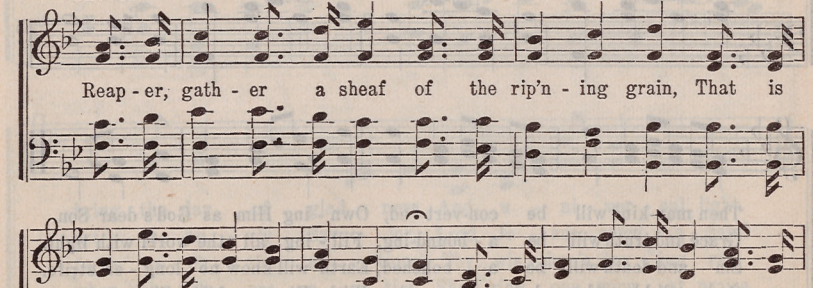


Mas-ter is not re-pealed; Are you seek-ing a sheaf for His
life, from a hope-ful ray; Fal-ter not, tho' the hedg-es the
shades of the frown-ing tomb; On the boun-ti-ful soil, or the
layed by the shades of night; And you wail as you stand with an

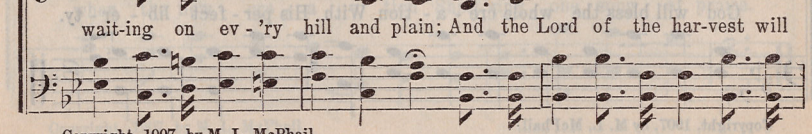


gar-ner fair? You will find God's neg-lect-ed ones ev-'ry-where.
wheat con-ceal, God will am-ply re-ward your un-flinch-ing zeal.
rock-strewn waste There are grains for the gar-ner, so reap-er, haste!
emp-ty hand, By your judge turned a-way from the glo-ry land.

Chorus.



Reap-er, gath-er a sheaf of the rip'n-ing grain, That is



wait-ing on ev-'ry hill and plain; And the Lord of the har-vest will

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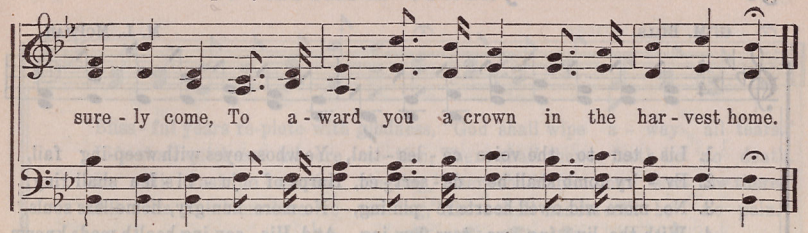
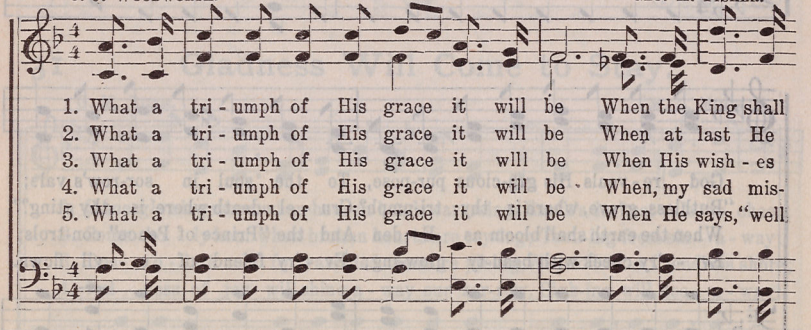
Reaper, Gather a Sheaf! Concluded.



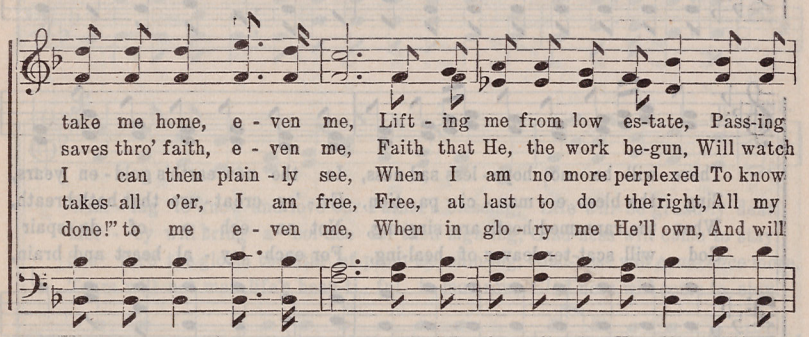
sure-ly come, To a-ward you a crown in the har-vest home.

What a Triumph of His Grace.

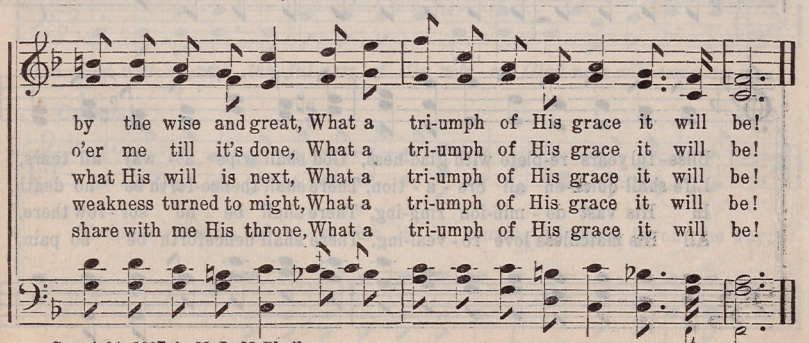
C. J. Woodworth. Geo. H. Fisher.



1. What a tri-umph of His grace it will be When the King shall
2. What a tri-umph of His grace it will be When at last He
3. What a tri-umph of His grace it will be When His wish-es
4. What a tri-umph of His grace it will be When, my sad mis-
5. What a tri-umph of His grace it will be When He says, "well



take me home, e-ven me, Lift-ing me from low es-tate, Pass-ing
saves thro' faith, e-ven me, Faith that He, the work be-gun, Will watch
I can then plain-ly see, When I am no more perplexed To know
takes all o'er, I am free, Free, at last to do the right, All my
done!" to me e-ven me, When in glo-ry me He'll own, And will



by the wise and great, What a tri-umph of His grace it will be!
o'er me till it's done, What a tri-umph of His grace it will be!
what His will is next, What a tri-umph of His grace it will be!
weakness turned to might, What a tri-umph of His grace it will be!
share with me His throne, What a tri-umph of His grace it will be!

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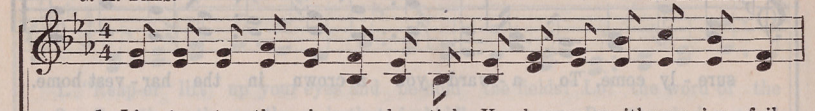
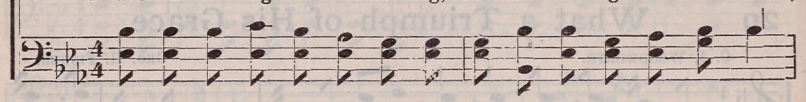
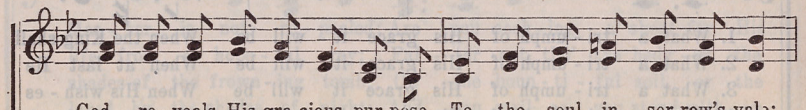
G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

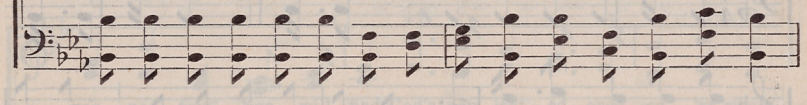


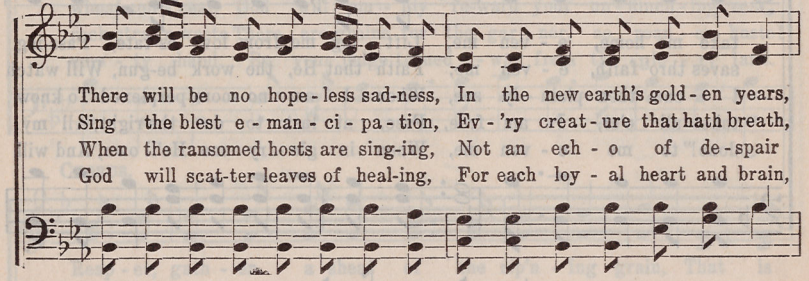
1. Lis - ten to the voice ce - les - tial, Ye whose eyes with weep-ing fail,
2. Ev - 'ry tomb shall be de - sert - ed, Harps of ju - bi - lee shall ring;
3. No more wid-owed hearts re - pin-ing, No more hun-gry, home-less souls,
4. With the liv - ing wa - ters flow-ing, And His sav-ing health made known,



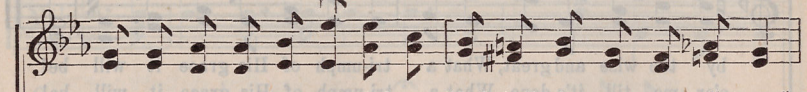


God re - veals His gra-cious pur-pose, To the soul in sor-row's vale;
"Ruthless grave, where is thy tri-umph? Cru - el death where is thy sting?"
When the earth shall bloom as E - den And the "Prince of Peace" con-trols;
Ev - 'ry cheek with beau-ty glow-ing; Ev - 'ry friend of e - vil flown.

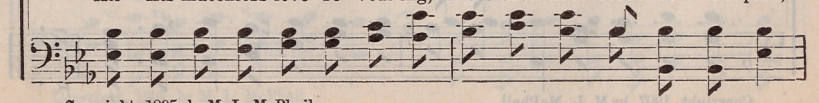




There will be no hope - less sad-ness, In the new earth's gold - en years,
Sing the blest e - man - ci - pa - tion, Ev - 'ry creat - ure that hath breath,
When the ransomed hosts are sing-ing, Not an ech - o of de - spair
God will scat-ter leaves of heal-ing, For each loy - al heart and brain,



Bliss - ful years re-plete with glad-ness, "God shall wipe a - way all tears,"
Life shall quick-en all cre - a - tion, There shall thence-forth be no death,
In His vast do - min-ion ring-ing, "There shall be no sor - row there,"
All His matchless love re - veal-ing, "There shall henceforth be no pain,"



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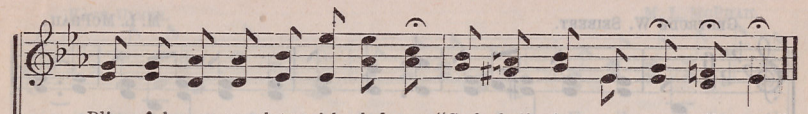

Bliss - ful years re-plete with gladness, "God shall wipe a - way all tears."
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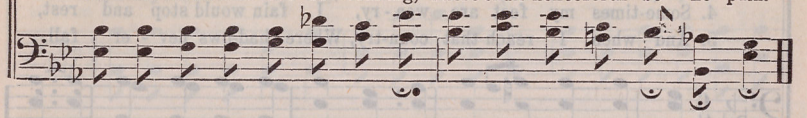
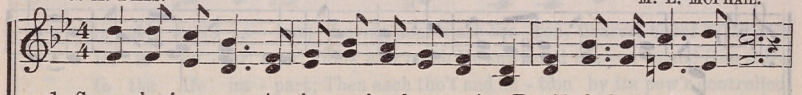
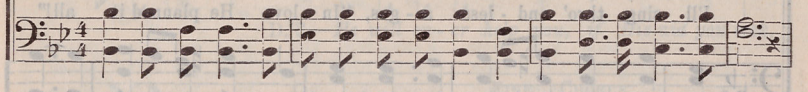


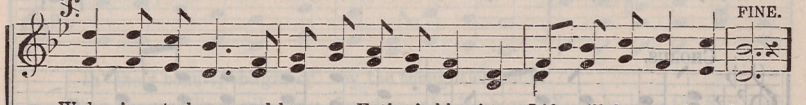
31 Gladness Will Come to Stay.

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.

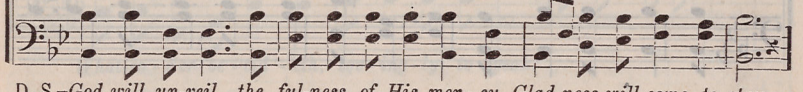


1. Some glowing morn when heaven bends caressing, Earth's darkest vale to cheer;
2. Some ho - ly hour when broken hearts are cry-ing; Turn-ing from sin a - way;
3. Des - o - late soul for vanished treasure pining, Wreck'd on a friendless shore;
4. Ful - ness of joy will shine a - way our sor-row, Sigh-ing will flee a - way;



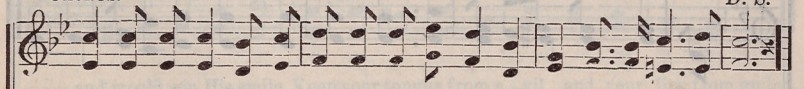


Wak - ing to know and love our Father's blessing, Life will be grand-ly dear.
Mer - cy will bring a sol-ace for their sigh-ing, Glad-ness will come to stay.
See thro' the gloom the star of prom-ise shin-ing, Glad-ness will come once more.
Tears will not mar life's beau-ti - ful to-mor-row, Glad-ness will come to stay.

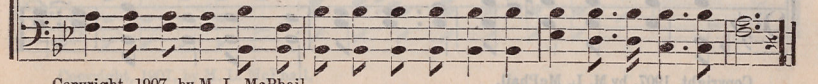


D. S.—*God will un-veil the ful-ness of His mer - cy, Glad-ness will come to stay.*

Chorus. *D. S.*



Gladness will come, hal - le - lu - jah it is com-ing, Gladness is on the way;



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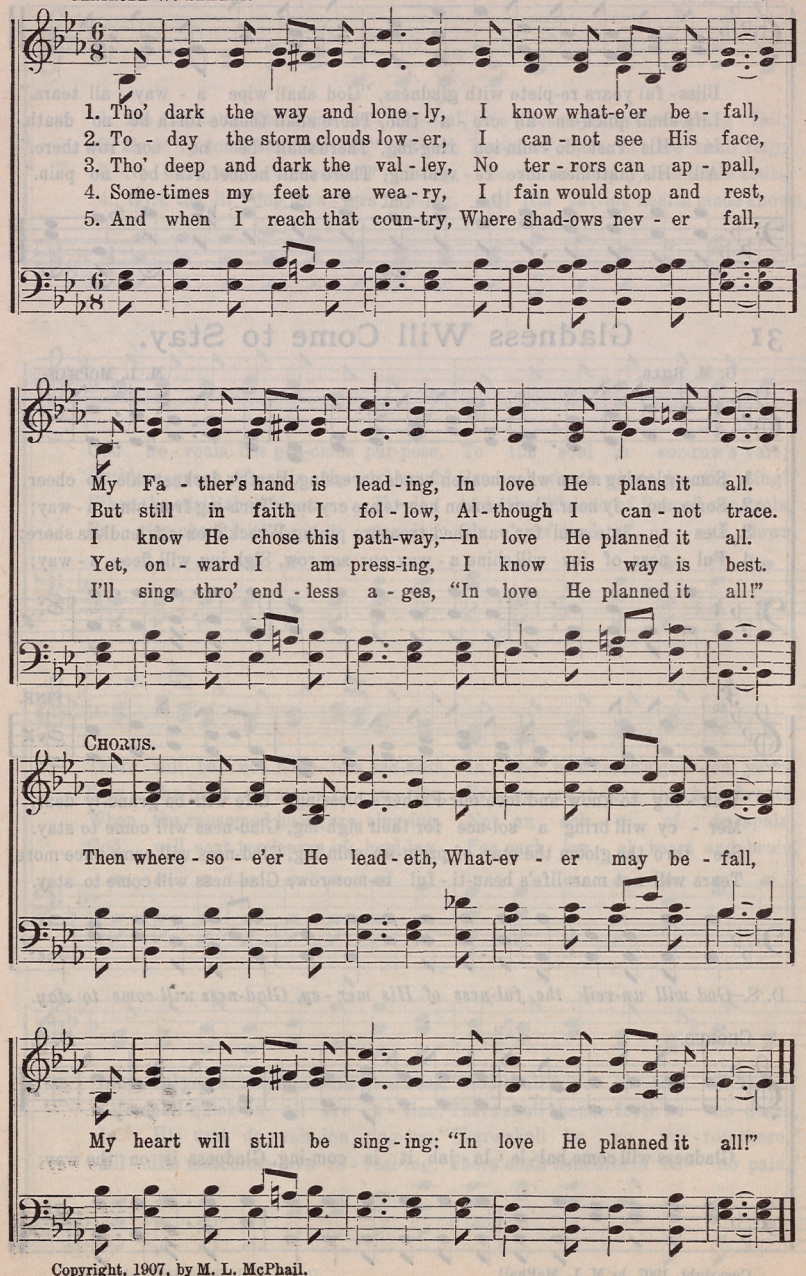
In Love He Planned It All.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.



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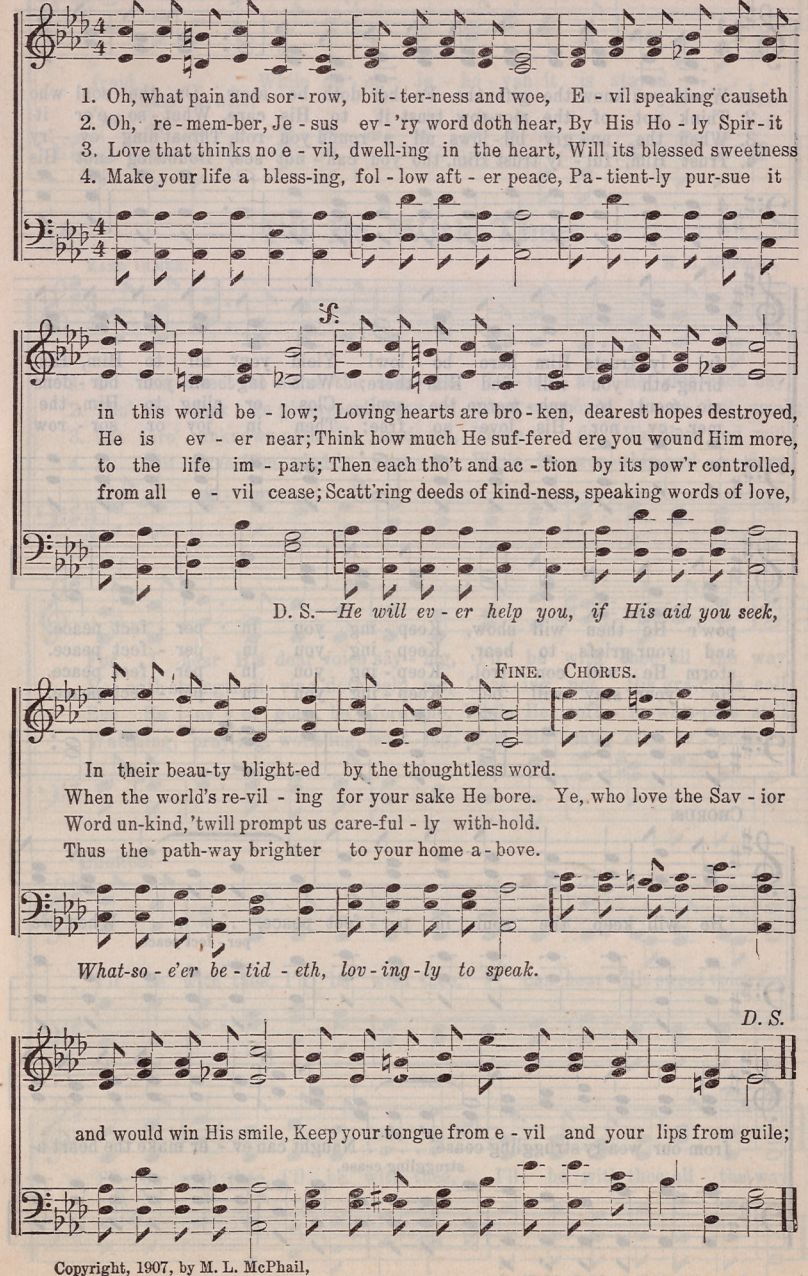
Be Slow to Speak.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.



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He Will Keep the Soul.

KATE ULMER. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Would you know the gift the Fa-ther doth be-stow On the soul who
2. Think not of the mor-row, trust it to His care, What-so-e'er it
3. When the an-gry bil-lows all a-round you roll, Threat'ning ev-'ry
4. Trust Him, ful-ly trust Him, tho' you can-not see, Doubt-ing not His

ful-ly trusts Him here be-low! Yield your all to Him, His
bring-eth you will find Him there; Wait-ing all your bur-dens
mo-ment to sub-merge the soul; Clos-er cling to Him, the
mer-cy nor His love so free; Then in joy or sor-row

pow'r He then will show, Keep-ing you in per-fect peace.
and your griefs to bear, Keep-ing you in per-fect peace.
storm He will con-trol, Keep-ing you in per-fect peace.
He your stay will be, Keep-ing you in per-fect peace.

CHORUS.

He will keep the soul in per-fect peace, ... When we
per-fect peace,

from our wea-ry struggling cease, ... Naught can ev-er make the heart a-
struggling cease,

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He Will Keep the Soul. Concluded.

fraid, ... While up-on Je-ho-vah it is stayed. . . . . .
least a-fraid, it is stayed.

I'll Be With Thee.

KATE ULMER. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. O 'tis sweet to serve the Mas-ter, Do-ing as He bids each day,
2. Tho' the task He gives seems heav-y, And my pow'r to do but small;
3. Oft thro' unknown paths He leads me, There to do His bless-ed will,
4. I will serve Him glad-ly, free-ly, While I wor-ship and a-dore,

For I hear His dear voice say-ing, I'll be with thee all the way.
He with strength di-vine doth help me, Ceas-ing not His gra-cious call.
But He ev-er goes be-fore me, While He soft-ly whis-pers still.
Watching, pray-ing, work-ing, wait-ing, For He say-eth ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I can hear His sweet voice say;

I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee, I'll be with thee all the way.

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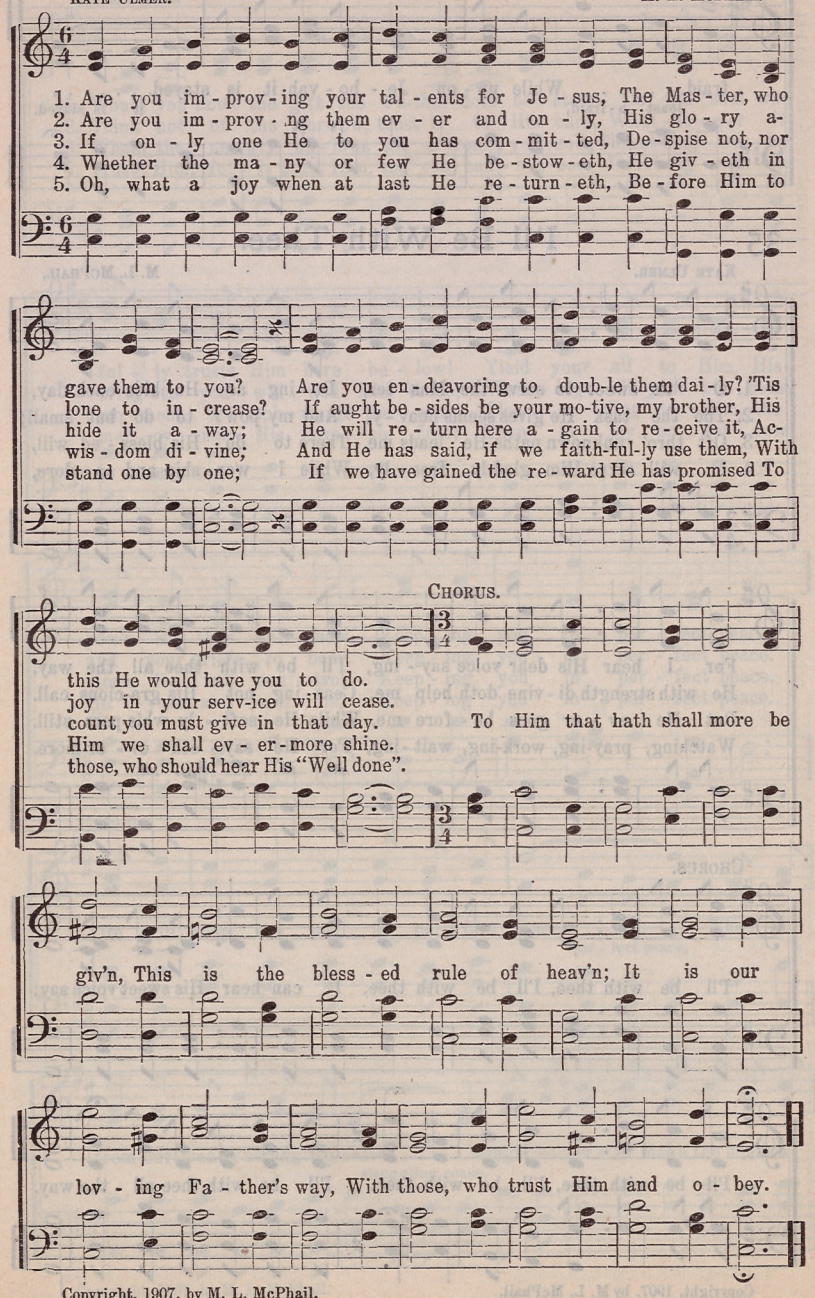
"Are You Improving Your Talents?"

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.



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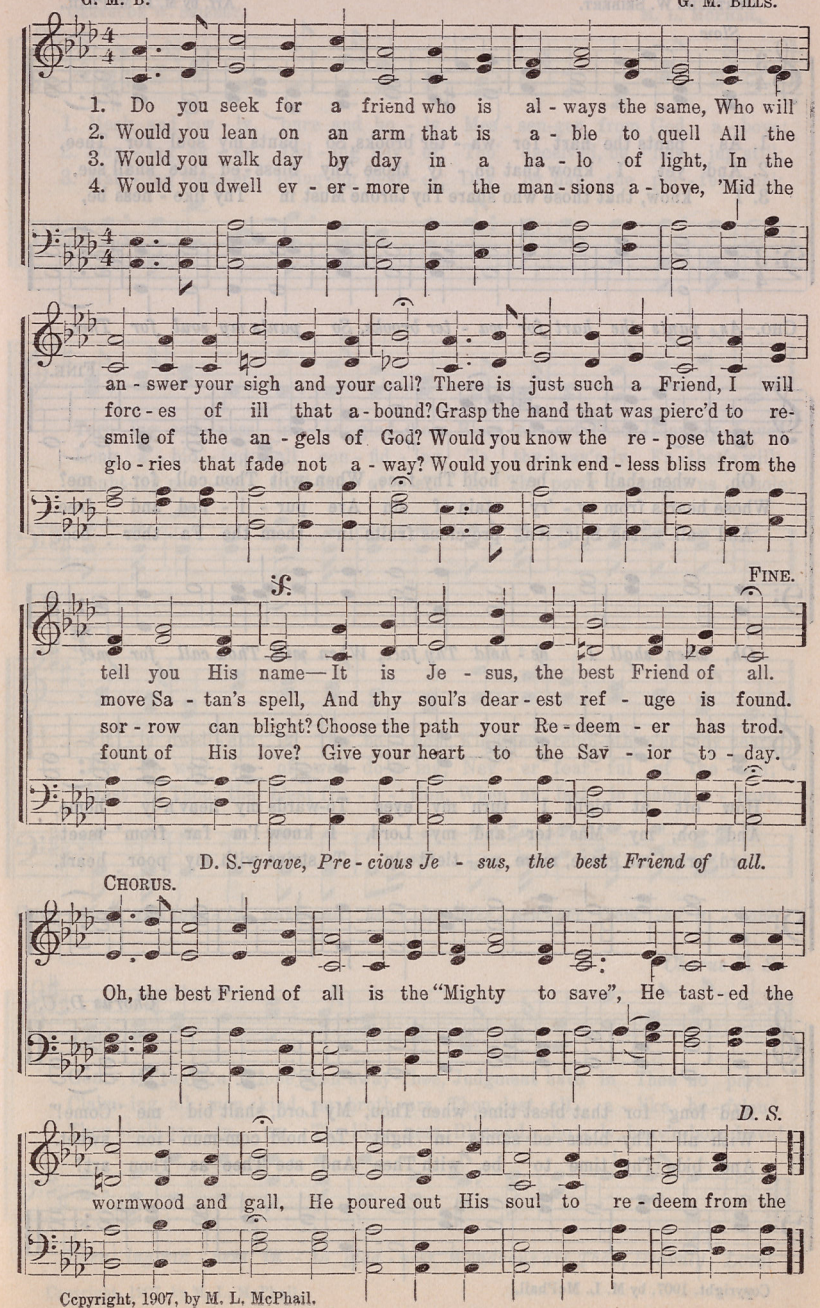
The Best Friend of All.

G. M. B. G. M. BILLS.



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Longing for Home.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

Slow

1. As pants the hart for wa - ter brooks, So pants my soul for Thee,
2. And yet I know that on - ly those Thy bless - ed face shall see,
3. I know, that those who share Thy throne Must in Thy like - ness be,

CHO.–*As pants the hart for wa - ter brooks, So pants my soul for Thee,*

FINE.

Oh, when shall I be - hold Thy face, When wilt Thou call for me?
Whose hearts from ev - 'ry stain of sin Are pur - i - fied and free.
And all the Spir - it's pre-cious fruits In them the Fa - ther see.

Oh, when shall I be - hold Thy face, When wilt Thou call for me?

How oft at night I turn my eyes To-wards my heav'n-ly home,
And oh, my Mas - ter and my Lord, I know I'm far from meet
Lord, grant me grace, more pa - tient - ly To strive with my poor heart,

Chorus D. C.

And long for that blest time, when Thou, My Lord, shalt bid me "Come!"
With all Thy bless - ed saints in light To hold com-mun - ion sweet.
And bide Thy time to be with Thee And see Thee as Thou art!

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Heavenly Love.

Composed and arr. by GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Mes - sen-ger from God a - bove;
2. Hop - ing ev - er, fail - ing nev - er, Tho' deceived, be - liev - ing still;
3. Mak - ing clear-er, bring-ing near - er, Day by day the per - fect goal;

Turn - ing sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Bless - ed art Thou, Heav'nly Love!
Long a - bid - ing, all con - fid - ing, To thy heav'n-ly Fa - ther's will;
Doubt-ing nev - er, trust-ing ev - er, In Thy pow'r to make us whole;

f.

Pit - y dwell - eth in Thy bo - som, Kind-ness reign-eth o'er Thy heart;
Nev - er wea - ry of well do - ing, Nev - er fear - ful of the end;
Hast - en Thou the blest fru - i - tion, When at last in realms a - bove,

CHO.—*Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Mes - sen - ger from God a - bove;*

Chorus D. S.

Gen - tle tho'ts a - lone can sway Thee, Judgment hath in Thee no part!
Claim - ing all man - kind as broth - ers, Thou dost all a - like be - friend.
Thou shalt see in us Thy like - ness, Bless-ed, ho - ly, heav'n-born Love!

Turn - ing sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Wondrous art Thou, Heavnly Love!

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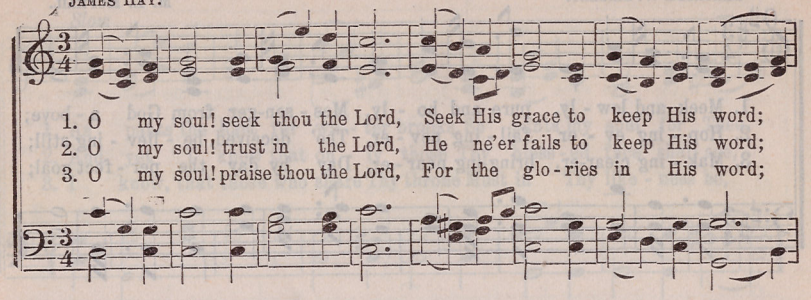
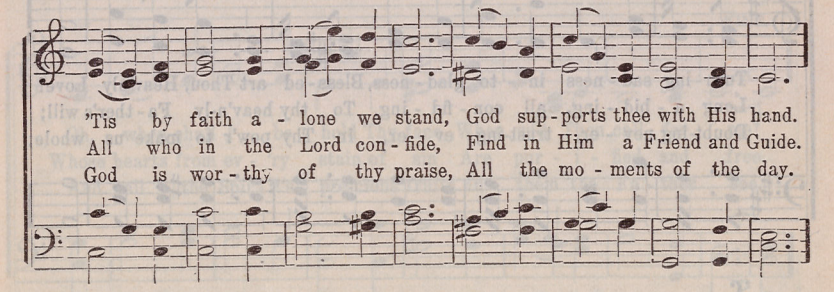
O My Soul, Trust in the Lord.

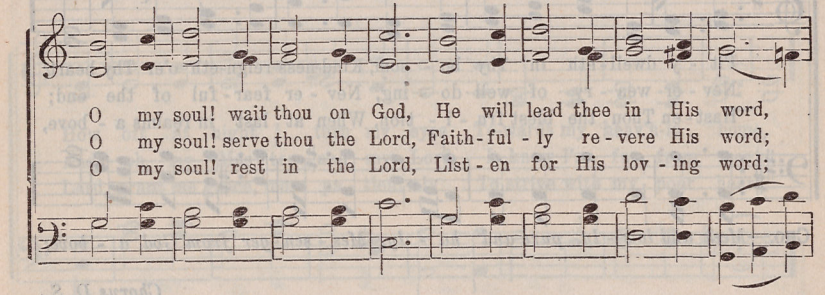
JAMES HAY. M. L. MCPHAIL.



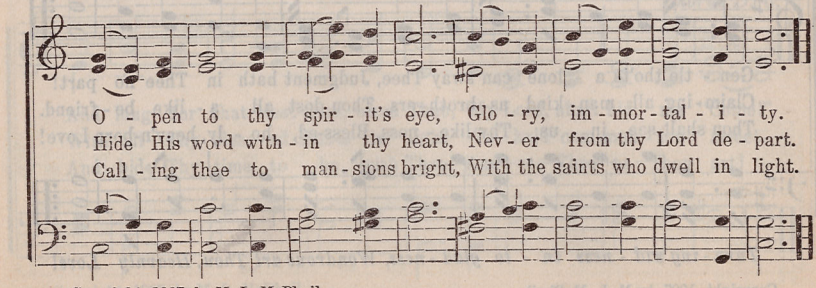
1. O my soul! seek thou the Lord, Seek His grace to keep His word;
2. O my soul! trust in the Lord, He ne'er fails to keep His word;
3. O my soul! praise thou the Lord, For the glo-ries in His word;



'Tis by faith a-lone we stand, God sup-ports thee with His hand.
All who in the Lord con-fide, Find in Him a Friend and Guide.
God is wor-thy of thy praise, All the mo-ments of the day.



O my soul! wait thou on God, He will lead thee in His word,
O my soul! serve thou the Lord, Faith-ful-ly re-vere His word;
O my soul! rest in the Lord, List-en for His lov-ing word;



O-pen to thy spir-it's eye, Glo-ry, im-mor-tal-i-ty.
Hide His word with-in thy heart, Nev-er from thy Lord de-part.
Call-ing thee to man-sions bright, With the saints who dwell in light.

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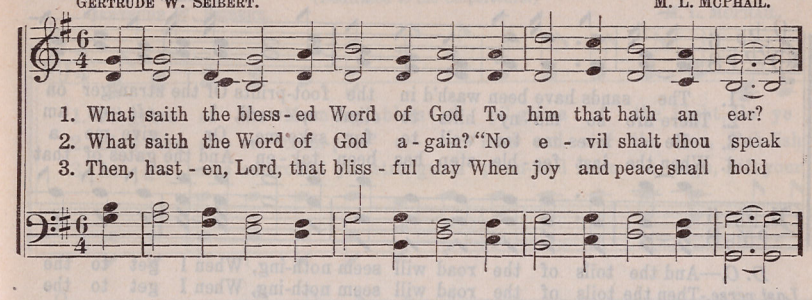
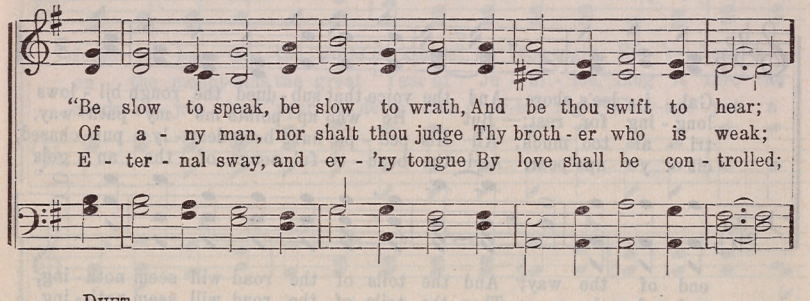
Refrain Thy Tongue From Evil.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

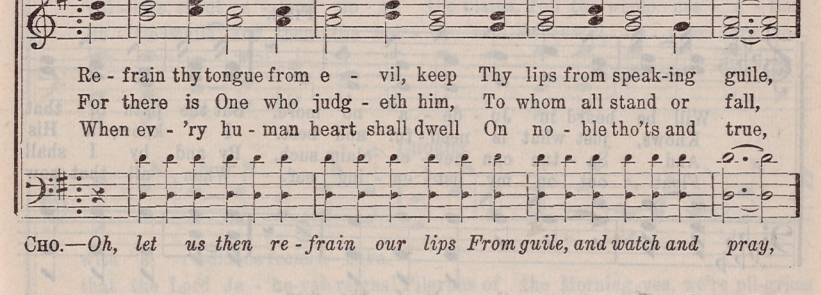


1. What saith the bless-ed Word of God To him that hath an ear?
2. What saith the Word of God a-gain? "No e-vil shalt thou speak
3. Then, hast-en, Lord, that bliss-ful day When joy and peace shall hold



"Be slow to speak, be slow to wrath, And be thou swift to hear;
Of a-ny man, nor shalt thou judge Thy broth-er who is weak;
E-ter-nal sway, and ev-'ry tongue By love shall be con-trolled;

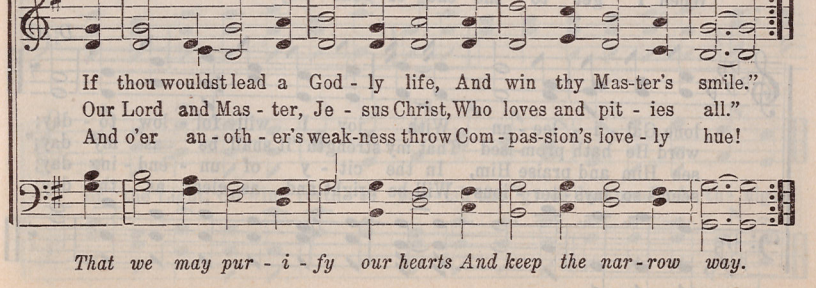
DUET. FINE.



Re-frain thy tongue from e-vil, keep Thy lips from speak-ing guile,
For there is One who judg-eth him, To whom all stand or fall,
When ev-'ry hu-man heart shall dwell On no-ble tho'ts and true,

CHO.—*Oh, let us then re-frain our lips From guile, and watch and pray,*

Chorus D. S.



If thou wouldst lead a God-ly life, And win thy Mas-ter's smile."
Our Lord and Mas-ter, Je-sus Christ, Who loves and pit-ies all."
And o'er an-oth-er's weak-ness throw Com-pas-sion's love-ly hue!

That we may pur-i-fy our hearts And keep the nar-row way.

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When I Get to the End of the Way.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The sands have been wash'd in the foot-prints Of the stran-ger on
2. There are so ma-ny hills to climb up-ward, I oft-en am
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, Or give me a
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of that

D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the
Last verse.-Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the

Gal-i-lee's shore—And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil-lows
long-ing for rest;—But He who ap-points me my path-way,
tri-al too much; All His peo-ple have been dear-ly pur-chased;
cit-y ap-pear, And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an-gels

end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,
end of the way; Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,

FINE.

Will be heard in Ju-de-a no more. But the path of that
Knows, just what is need-ful and best. I know, in His
And Sa-tan can nev-er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my list-en-ing ear. When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.
When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.

lone Gal-i-lee-an With joy I will fol-low to-day;
word He hath prom-ised That my strength "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the cit-y of un-end-ing day;
seems so mys-ter-ious Will be bright and as clear as the day;

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Pilgrims of the Morning.

(Dedicated to the Colporteurs.)

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Pil-grims of the Morn-ing, bless-ed pil-grims of the Light, Go ye
2. Blow "the sil-ver trum-pets" o-ver land and o'er the sea, Pub-lish
3. An-gel hosts sur-round you, strength is prom-ised from on high, Lift your

forth to ban-ish the "gross dark-ness" of the night; Ev-'ry heart en-
on the mount-ains the great "Year of Ju-bi-lee," Sing it thro' the
heads re-joic-ing, "your re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh," Cour-age yet a

kin-dled with "a flame of sa-cred love," Ev-'ry face il-lum-ined
val-leys, shout a-loud up-on the plains, Tell the whole cre-a-tion
lit-tle while, and then the bat-tle won, Sweet will be your sure re-

CHORUS.

with "a ra-diance from a-bove."
that the Lord Je-ho-vah reigns! Pilgrims of the Morning, yes, we're pil-grims
ward in your dear Lord's "Well done."

of the Light, Go-ing forth to ban-ish the "gross darkness" of the night!

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44 Repeat the Sweet Story.

G. M. B. G. M. BILLS.

1. Re - peat the sweet sto - ry, the sto - ry of old, That ech - oed with
2. In love with-out meas-ure, our Fa-ther di - vine Un - folds to all
3. Oh, sing of the ran-som that reach-es to all The vic - tims of
4. Re - joice, O ye watch-ers who pa - tient - ly bide The Bridegroom's re-

glad - ness o'er Beth - le - hem's fold; The mes - sage that an - gels de-
peo - ple His gra-cious de-signs, To fill the whole world with His
sor - row, of sin, and the fall; The blood of a - tone-ment ne'er
turn - ing to hon - or His bride; Re - joice till the morn - ing shall

light - ed to bring, Glad ti-dings of Je - sus, earth's Sav - ior and King.
glo - ry and peace, And bring to sin's cap-tives a joy - ful re-lease.
trick - led in vain, For Je - sus has pur-chas'd the dy - ing, the slain.
ju - bi - lee bring, And na-tions shall hon - or earth's con-quer - ing King.

CHORUS.

O tell it a - gain, yes, tell it a - gain, That won - der - ful

sto - ry of good will to men; It will strengthen my faith if you

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Repeat the Sweet Story. Concluded.

tell it a - gain, That won - der - ful sto - ry of good will to men.

45 Quit Yourselves Like Men.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Ye who have en - tered the glo - rious fray, Hold - ing a place in the
2. If in the fore-front your place should be, Then do your du - ty cour-
3. Think not the vic - t'ry you'll light - ly win, Craft - y and strong are the
4. Lay not the heav - en - ly ar - mor down, Seek not to gain in the

ranks to - day, Fol - low your Cap - tain and all the way, Quit your-
a - geous - ly, Or in the rear He hath need of thee, Quit your-
hosts of sin; But we shall tri-umph thro' Christ our King, Quit your-
world re-nown; Fix - ing your eye on the prom-ised crown, Quit your-

CHORUS.

selves like men. Quit yourselves like men, Quit yourselves like men,

Fol - low your Cap - tain and all the way; Quit yourselves like men.

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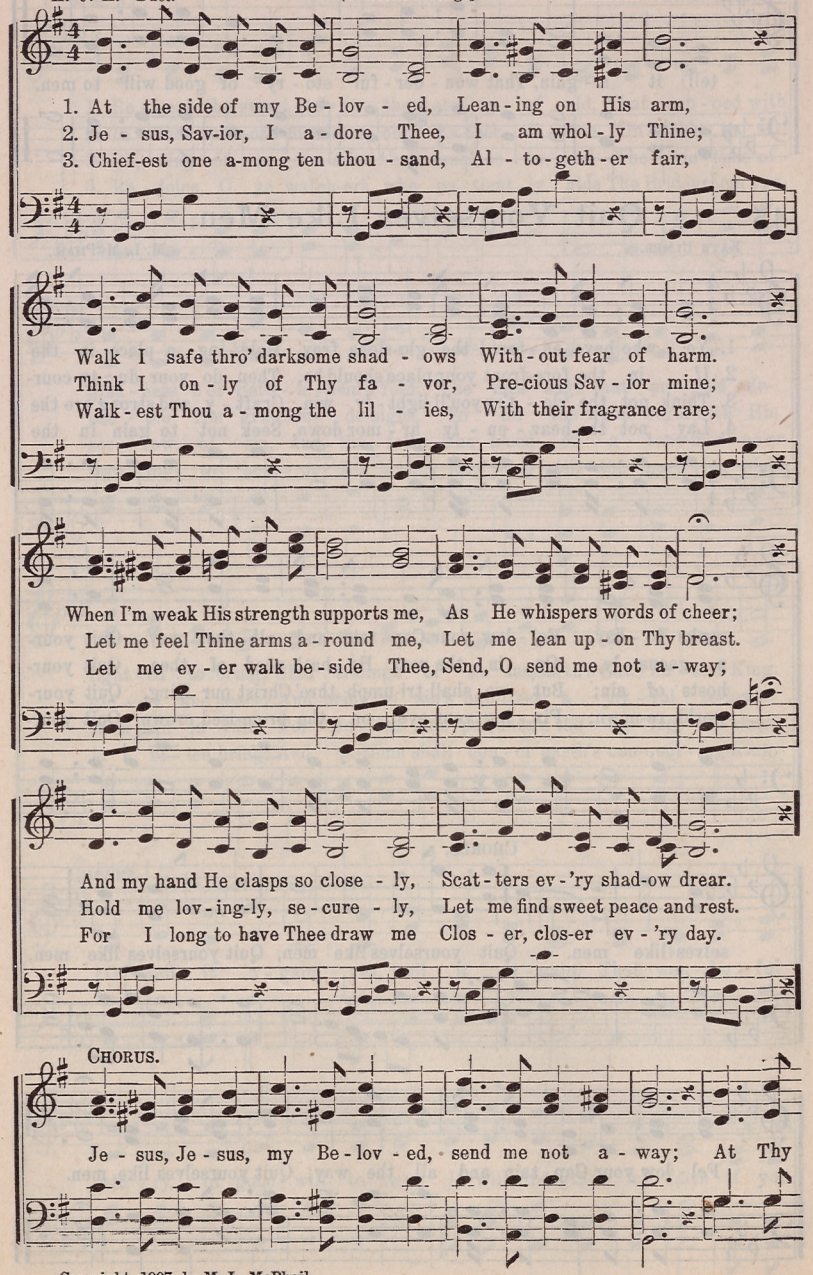
46 My Beloved.

H. O. H. Duet. (Solomon's Song.) HATTIE O. HENDERSON.



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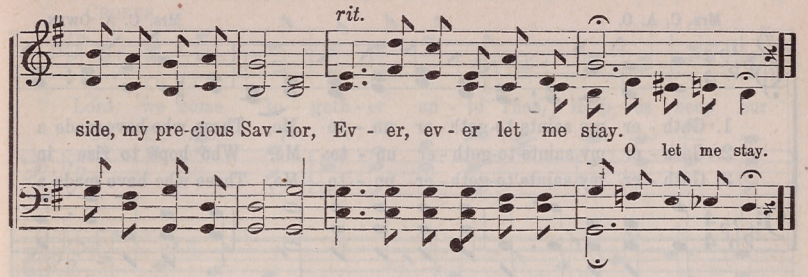
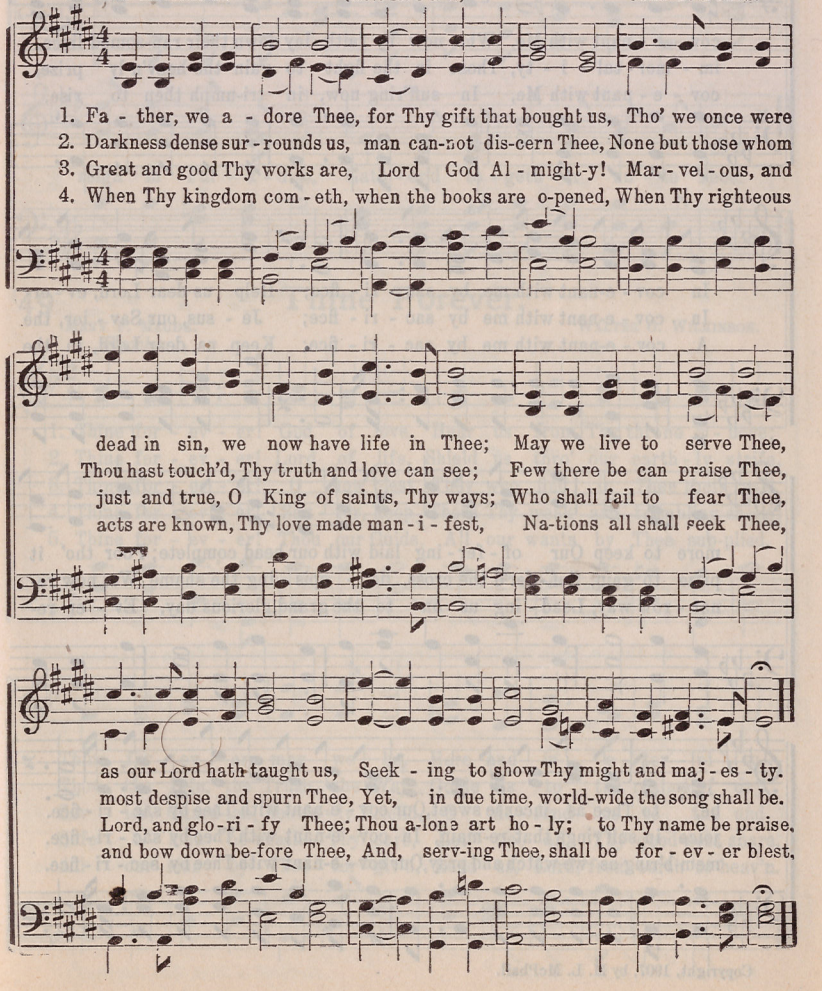
My Beloved. Concluded.



47 Holy, Holy, Holy!

DOUGLAS MACMILLAN. (Rev. 15: 3 & 4.) JOHN B. DYKES.



48 Gather My Saints Together Unto Me.

Mrs. C. A. O. — Mrs. C. A. Owen.

1. Gath - er my saints to-geth - er un - to Me, Those who have made a
2. Gath - er my saints to-geth - er un - to Me, Who hope to rise in
3. Gath - er my saints to-geth - er un - to Me, Those who have made a

cov - e - nant with Me, Who now by faith lay down their ran-somed lives,
im - mor - tal - i - ty, Those in the fight to gain the heav'n-ly prize,
cov - e - nant with Me, In suff'ring now, in tri-umph then to rise,

In cov - e-nant with me by sac - ri - fice; Help us dear Lord, ev - er-
In cov - e-nant with me by sac - ri - fice; Je - sus, our Sav - ior, the
A cov - e-nant with me by sac - ri - fice; Keep us, dear Lord, in the

more to keep Our of - fer - ing laid with our head complete; Poor tho' it
prize to gain, Suf - fer'd the cross, de - spis - ing the shame We now re-
nar - row way, Lead - ing us on to the grand, glorious day, Ev - er re-

be, to Thee as incense sweet, Our cov - e-nant with Thee by sac - ri - fice.
joice in suff'rings that re-main, In cov - e-nant with Thee by sac - ri - fice.
mem-b'ring as we watch and pray, Our cov - e-nant with Thee by sac - ri - fice.

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Gather My Saints Together Unto Me. Concluded.

Chorus.

Lord, we come to - geth - er un - to Thee, Help us keep our
cov' - nant faith - ful - ly, That we in Christ may rise, To
reign in Par - a - dise, Gath - er'd to - geth - er un - to Thee.

49 Thine Forever.

Mary F. Maude. — Walter O. Wilkinson.

Slowly.

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;
2. Thine for - ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us thro' our earth - ly strife,
3. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest!
4. Thine for - ev - er! Sav - ior, keep These Thy weak and trembling sheep;
5. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup-plied,

Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Sav - ior, Guard-ian, heav'n - ly Friend, O de - fend us to the end.
Safe a - lone be-neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good-ness share.
All our sins by Thee for - giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.

50 Happy is the Man that Findeth Wisdom.

VIRGINIA NOBLE. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Hap - py is the man that find - eth wis - dom, For the gain there-
2. Whence then is the place of un - der - stand-ing? Where shall price-less
3. Wis - dom from a - bove is pure and ho - ly Fill - ing hun - gry
4. Wis - dom from a - bove is full of mer - cy, Eas - i - ly per-

of is more than gold; Pre - cious far be - yond the fair - est
wis - dom then be found? Fear the Lord a - lone for He is
hearts with per - fect joy; For we know our Fa - ther's won-drous
suad - ed t'ward the right; Sown in peace the ten - der fruit - age

jew - el And the wealth of it can ne'er be told.
wis - dom, And in Him their treas-ures all a - bound.
bless - ings Are the on - ly gifts with - out al - loy.
rip - ens Beau - ti - ful - ly in the Fa - ther's sight.

CHORUS.

Let us then refrain our tongues from e-vil, Keep our lips from speaking guile;

Dai - ly let us seek the heav'nly wis-dom, Let us gain the Father's smile.

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51 A Little Talk with Jesus.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. G. H. FISHER.

Not too fast.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus At the clos - ing of the day,—
2. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus When our hearts grow weak and faint,
3. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus,—How it lights the dark - est hour,

How it qui - ets ev - 'ry anx - ious fear, And drives our doubts a - way;
It will still the mur-mur on our lips, And cease our sad com - plaint;
How it keeps us "watching un - to pray'r," And foils the tempter's pow'r;

A lit - tle talk with Je - sus,— How it soothes the ach - ing brain,—
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus,— How it lifts the low'r - ing sky;
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus,—There can noth - ing take its place,—

How it rests the wea - ry, struggling soul, And makes us strong a - gain.
Oh, what bless-ed light, and peace, and joy, When He, our Lord, is nigh.
How we long to reach our heav'n-ly home, And see Him face to face!

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The Perfect Day.

F. A. H. — FRANK A. HALL.

Not too fast.

1. The ho - ly cit - y is bend - ing to earth, With bless-ings like
2. A - wake! a - wake! a - wake! put on thy strength, Thy beau - ti - ful
3. Henceforth there nev - er shall come in - to thee The un - cir - cum-

show - ers of rain, And sor - row, and cry - ing shall
gar - ments of light, O shake thy - self now from the
cised and un - clean, There's no spot or wrin - kle in

rit. *a tempo.*

all pass a - way, There shall be no more pain; Oh, bind up the
dust of the earth, Zi - on a - rise in might; Thy glo - ry is
Zi - on's glad throng, Noth-ing of earth is seen; Her light like the

bro - ken, ach-ing hearts, Wipe all the tears a - way; For Zi - on shall
come, a - rise and shine, Loos-en thy bands, be free; Break forth in - to
jas - per stone is rare, Ban-ished the night of old; The beams of the

rit. *a tempo.*

now in her splen-dor shine forth, Light-ing the per - fect day.
joy, for thy war - fare is o'er, Glo - ry a - wait - eth thee.
morn-ing with heal - ing is here, Gild - ing her streets of gold.

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Our Hiding Place.

A. G. J. — ALICE G. JAMES.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence, Oh, how pre-cious there to hide,
2. Day by day He draws me clos - er, Hour by hour He teach-es me,
3. Er - ror's darts can nev - er smite me While my soul is stayed on Him,
4. Fa - ther, may I nev - er wan - der From this safe and blest re-treat,

Scourge of tongue, nor shaft of mal - ice, Touch my soul while at His side.
Strength He gives for ev - 'ry tri - al, Grace to do and pow'r to be.
Hid - den in the Rock of A - ges, Nev - er can my faith grow dim.
Where I drink of liv - ing wa - ters, And am fed on Man - na sweet.

Let the light'nings flash a - bout me, Let the peal-ing thun-ders roll,
And when shadows close a - round me, And I can - not see His face,
Bright-ly o'er me shines the sun-light Beam-ing from my Fa-ther's face,
Pre - cious ha-ven—sweet-est shel - ter—Here my soul will e'er a - bide,

I can smile, thus safe - ly hid - den In this ref - uge of the soul.
Know I still His love en - folds me, Shel-tered in this se - cret place.
In its ra - di - ant ef - ful-gence I can now His pur-pose trace.
In the se - cret of His pres-ence I will ev - 'ry mo-ment hide.

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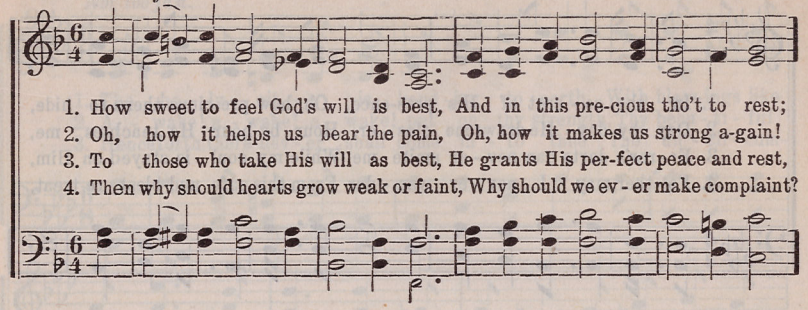
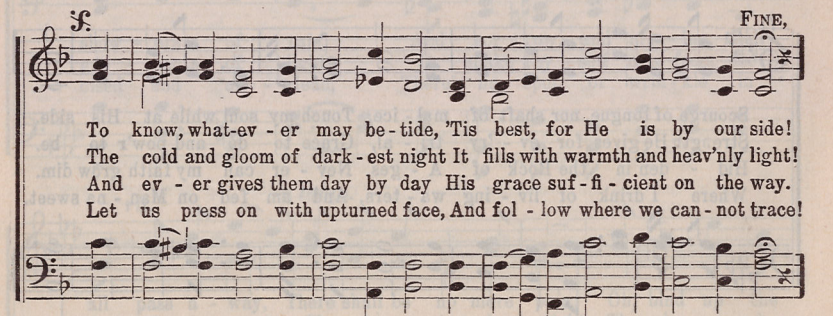
54 His Way Is Best.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

Not too fast.



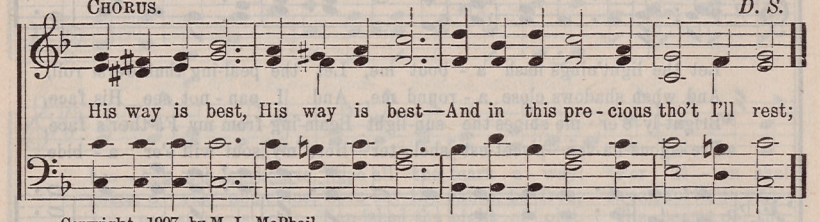
1. How sweet to feel God's will is best, And in this pre-cious tho't to rest;
2. Oh, how it helps us bear the pain, Oh, how it makes us strong a-gain!
3. To those who take His will as best, He grants His per-fect peace and rest,
4. Then why should hearts grow weak or faint, Why should we ev - er make complaint?



To know, what-ev - er may be - tide, 'Tis best, for He is by our side!
The cold and gloom of dark - est night It fills with warmth and heav'nly light!
And ev - er gives them day by day His grace suf - fi - cient on the way.
Let us press on with upturned face, And fol - low where we can - not trace!

D. S.—*I know, what-ev - er may be - tide, He'll nev - er—nev - er leave my side.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*



His way is best, His way is best—And in this pre - cious tho't I'll rest;

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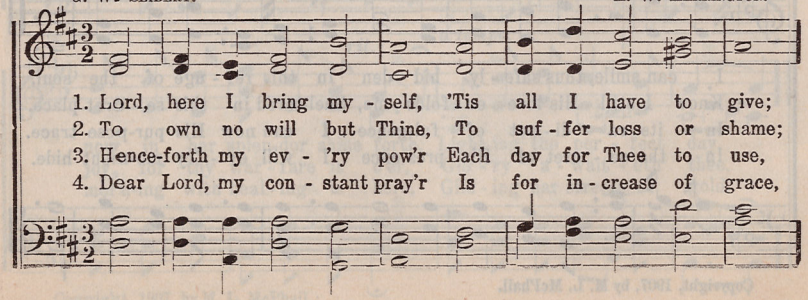
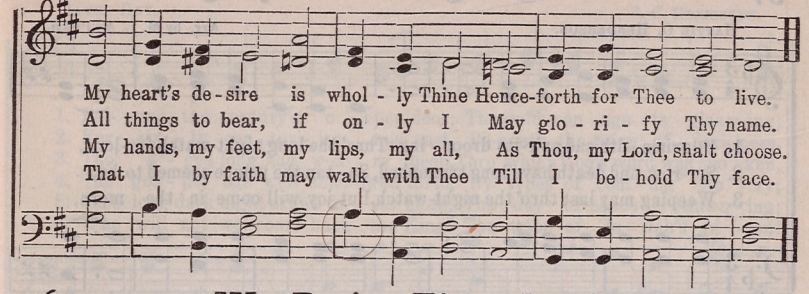
55 Consecration.

G. W. SEIBERT. K. W. HARRINGTON.



1. Lord, here I bring my - self, 'Tis all I have to give;
2. To own no will but Thine, To suf - fer loss or shame;
3. Hence-forth my ev - 'ry pow'r Each day for Thee to use,
4. Dear Lord, my con - stant pray'r Is for in - crease of grace,

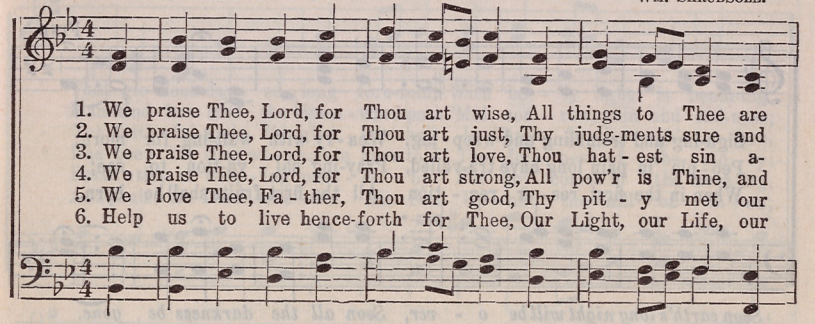
Consecration. Concluded.



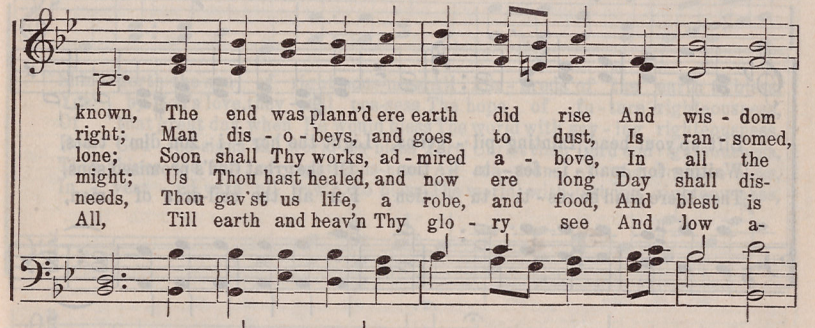
My heart's de - sire is whol - ly Thine Hence-forth for Thee to live.
All things to bear, if on - ly I May glo - ri - fy Thy name.
My hands, my feet, my lips, my all, As Thou, my Lord, shalt choose.
That I by faith may walk with Thee Till I be - hold Thy face.

56 We Praise Thee, Lord.

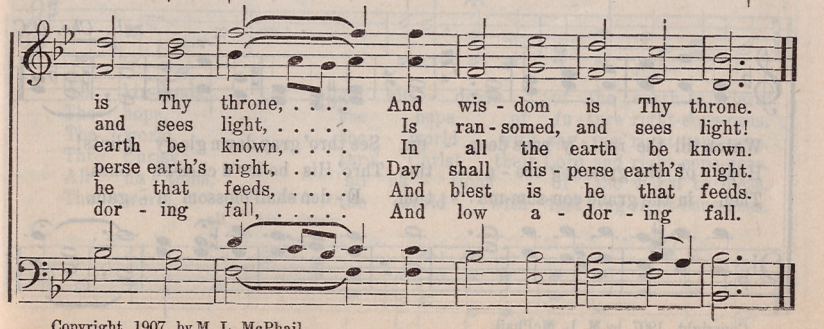
DOUGLAS MACMILLAN. WM. SHRUBSOLE.



1. We praise Thee, Lord, for Thou art wise, All things to Thee are
2. We praise Thee, Lord, for Thou art just, Thy judg-ments sure and
3. We praise Thee, Lord, for Thou art love, Thou hat - est sin a-
4. We praise Thee, Lord, for Thou art strong, All pow'r is Thine, and
5. We love Thee, Fa - ther, Thou art good, Thy pit - y met our
6. Help us to live hence-forth for Thee, Our Light, our Life, our



known, The end was plann'd ere earth did rise And wis - dom
right; Man dis - o - beys, and goes to dust, Is ran - somed,
lone; Soon shall Thy works, ad - mired a - bove, In all the
might; Us Thou hast healed, and now ere long Day shall dis-
needs, Thou gav'st us life, a robe, and food, And blest is
All, Till earth and heav'n Thy glo - ry see And low a-



is Thy throne, ... And wis - dom is Thy throne.
and sees light, ... Is ran - somed, and sees light!
earth be known, ... In all the earth be known.
perse earth's night, ... Day shall dis - perse earth's night.
he that feeds, ... And blest is he that feeds.
dor - ing fall, ... And low a - dor - ing fall.

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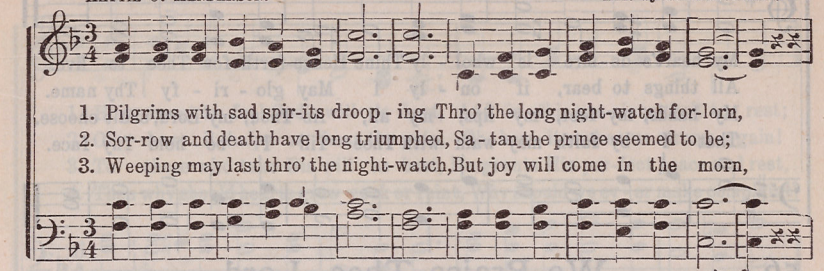
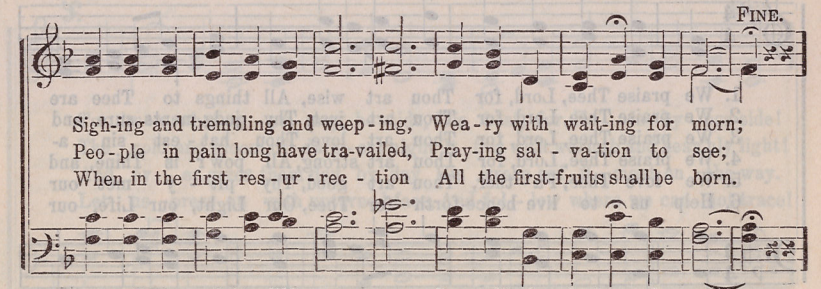
Long Night of Weeping.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.



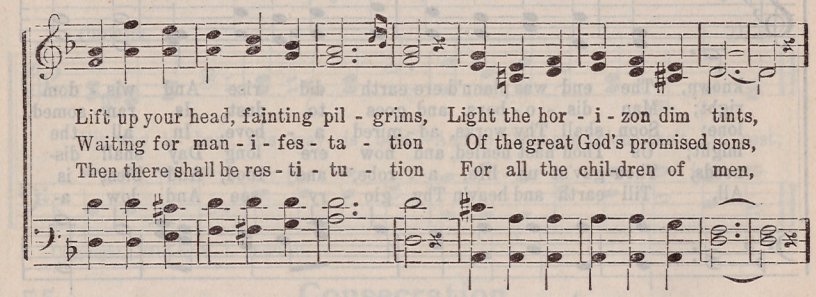
1. Pilgrims with sad spir-its droop - ing Thro' the long night-watch for-lorn,
2. Sor-row and death have long triumphed, Sa - tan the prince seemed to be;
3. Weeping may last thro' the night-watch, But joy will come in the morn,

D. C. *Watch for the rise of the Day Star, Watch for the morning's bright dawn;*

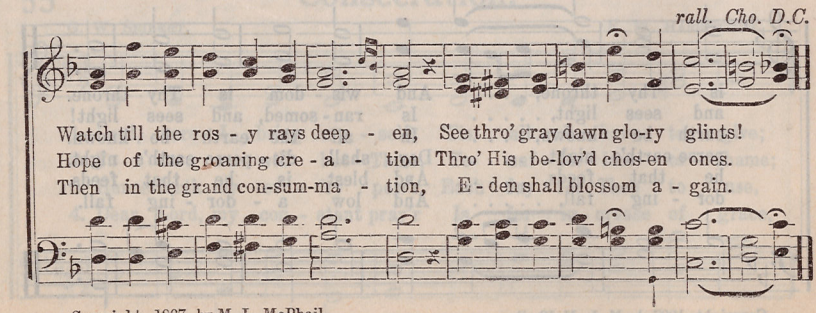


Sigh-ing and trembling and weep - ing, Wea - ry with wait-ing for morn;
Peo - ple in pain long have tra-vailed, Pray-ing sal - va-tion to see;
When in the first res - ur - rec - tion All the first-fruits shall be born.

Soon earth's long night will be o - ver, Soon all the darkness be gone.



Lift up your head, fainting pil - grims, Light the hor - i - zon dim tints,
Waiting for man - i - fes - ta - tion Of the great God's promised sons,
Then there shall be res - ti - tu - tion For all the chil-dren of men,



Watch till the ros - y rays deep - en, See thro' gray dawn glo-ry glints!
Hope of the groaning cre - a - tion Thro' His be-lov'd chos-en ones.
Then in the grand con-sum-ma - tion, E - den shall blossom a - gain.

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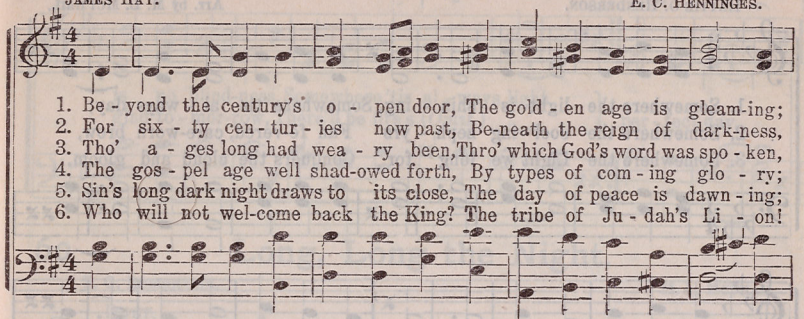
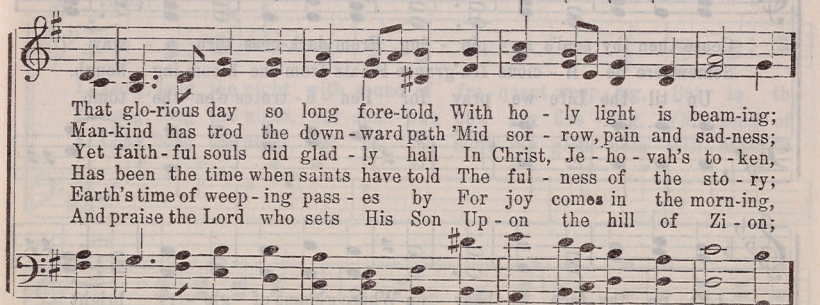
The Century's Hymn.

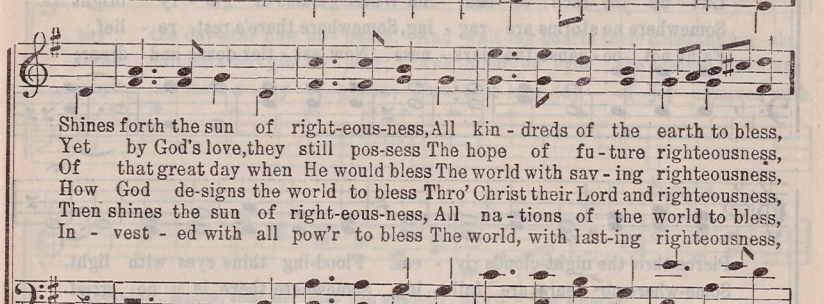
JAMES HAY. E. C. HENNINGES.



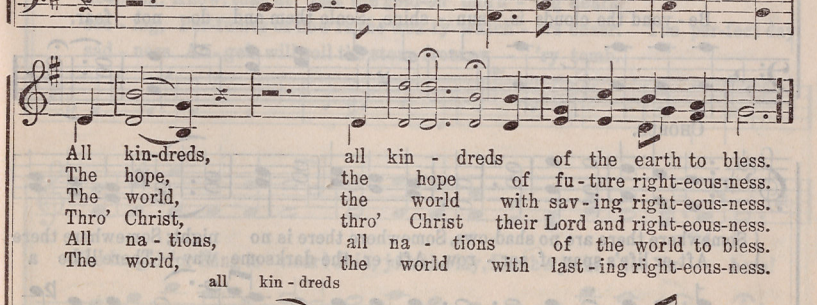
1. Be - yond the century's o - pen door, The gold - en age is gleam-ing;
2. For six - ty cen - tur - ies now past, Be-neath the reign of dark-ness,
3. Tho' a - ges long had wea - ry been, Thro' which God's word was spo - ken,
4. The gos - pel age well shad-owed forth, By types of com - ing glo - ry;
5. Sin's long dark night draws to its close, The day of peace is dawn - ing;
6. Who will not wel-come back the King? The tribe of Ju - dah's Li - on!



That glo-rious day so long fore-told, With ho - ly light is beam-ing;
Man-kind has trod the down - ward path 'Mid sor - row, pain and sad-ness;
Yet faith - ful souls did glad - ly hail In Christ, Je - ho - vah's to - ken,
Has been the time when saints have told The ful - ness of the sto - ry;
Earth's time of weep - ing pass - es by For joy comes in the morn-ing,
And praise the Lord who sets His Son Up - on the hill of Zi - on;

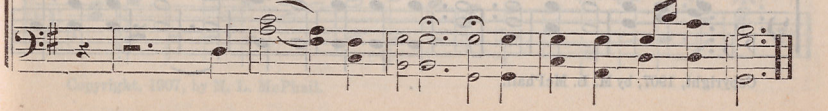


Shines forth the sun of right-eous-ness, All kin - dreds of the earth to bless,
Yet by God's love, they still pos-sess The hope of fu - ture righteousness,
Of that great day when He would bless The world with sav - ing righteousness,
How God de-signs the world to bless Thro' Christ their Lord and righteousness,
Then shines the sun of right-eous-ness, All na - tions of the world to bless,
In - vest - ed with all pow'r to bless The world, with last-ing righteousness,



All kin-dreds, all kin - dreds of the earth to bless.
The hope, the hope of fu - ture right-eous-ness.
The world, the world with sav - ing right-eous-ness.
Thro' Christ, thro' Christ their Lord and right-eous-ness.
All na - tions, all na - tions of the world to bless.
The world, the world with last - ing right-eous-ness.

all kin - dreds



Somewhere.

HATTIE O. HENDERSON. Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Somewhere the light is shin - ing, Somewhere 'tis al - ways day;
2. Somewhere the cool - ing zeph - yrs Fan fe-vered, care-worn brow,
3. Somewhere the Light we long for Conquers the cloud and gloom,

Cease then thy soul's re - pin - ing, From dark-ness turn a - way.
Somewhere de - li - cious fra-grance Floats from the bloom-ing bough.
Un - til the Life we pray for Pen - e - trates e'en the tomb.

Lift up thy face to heav - en Where gleams of glo - ry bright
Somewhere no storms are rag - ing, Somewhere there's rest, re - lief,
Faint not be - cause the dark - ness Now set - tles dense and drear;

Pierce thro' the night-clouds riv - en Flood-ing thine eyes with light.
Some-where no tears are fall - ing, Somewhere there is no grief.
Be - yond the clouds is sun - shine, Scale them and do not fear.

CHORUS.

{ Somewhere there are no shad-ows, Somewhere there is no night; Somewhere there
Aft-er life's span of sor - row, Aft - er the darksome way— There'll be a

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Somewhere. Concluded.

1 2

is no blind-ness, Somewhere 'tis al - ways light.
glad to - mor-row, There'll be life's (*Omit.*) . . . } per - fect day.

Long, Long the Night.

F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. McPHAIL.

DUET.

1. Long, long the night with sound of fre - quent weep - ing, But in the
2. Long, long the night, but shad - ows now are flee - ing, While songs of
3. Long, long the night, but oh, the morn - ing glad - ness Will drive a-

sky the day-star now ap - pears; And wait-ing hearts their constant vig - ils
birds dull ears be - gin to hear; And blind - ed eyes the blessed dawn are
way all mem-o - ry of gloom; Thro' that long day of joy unmixed with

CHORUS.

keep-ing, Know, that at last the gold-en morn - ing nears.
see - ing, Per-fumes of flow'rs the wea-ry watch - ers cheer. The per-fect day,
sad - ness An - gels will roll the stone from ev - 'ry tomb.

The long'd for King is near! Join, join the lay, Earth's ju-bi - lee is here!

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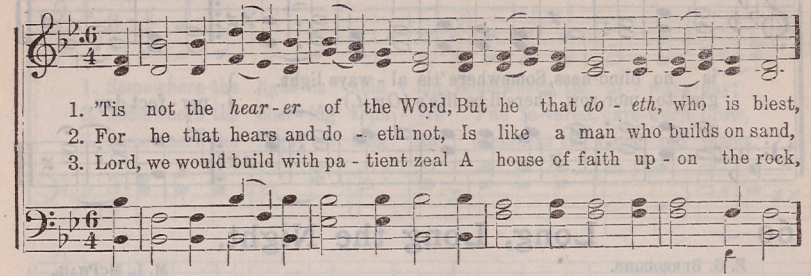
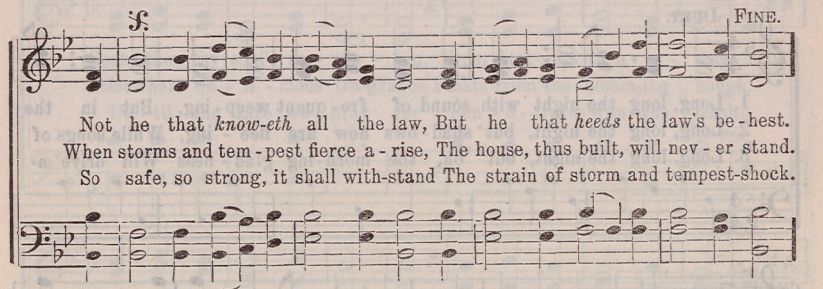
61 Be Ye Doers of the Word.

GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. (Jas. 1: 22.) M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. 'Tis not the *hear-er* of the Word, But he that *do-eth*, who is blest,
2. For he that hears and do-eth not, Is like a man who builds on sand,
3. Lord, we would build with pa-tient zeal A house of faith up-on the rock,

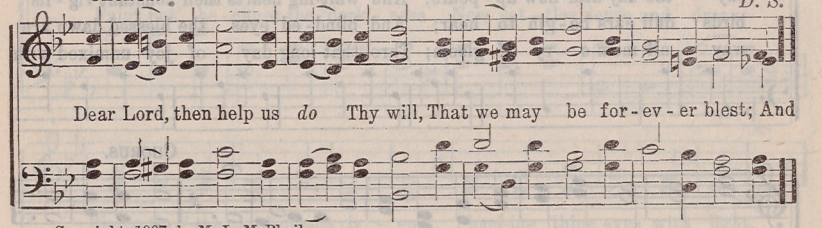


FINE.

Not he that *know-eth* all the law, But he that *heeds* the law's be-hest.
When storms and tem-pest fierce a-rise, The house, thus built, will nev-er stand.
So safe, so strong, it shall with-stand The strain of storm and tempest-shock.

D. S.—*when we reach our journey's end, May en-ter in-to heav'n-ly rest.*

CHORUS. D. S.



Dear Lord, then help us *do* Thy will, That we may be for-ev-er blest; And

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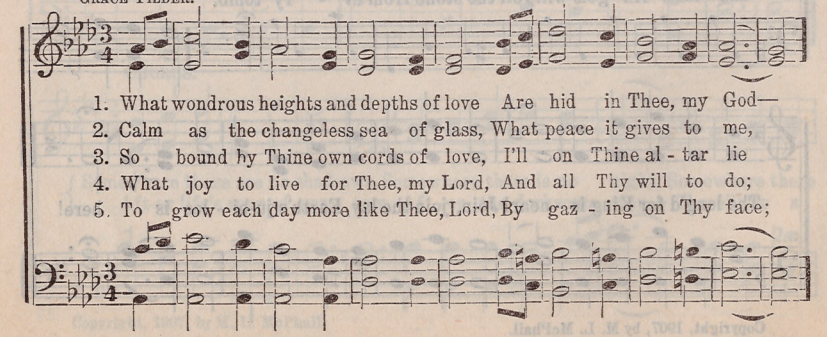
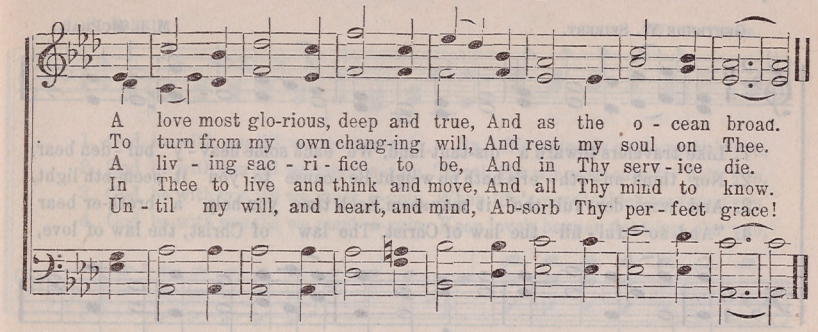
62 What Wondrous Heights!

GRACE FILDER.



1. What wondrous heights and depths of love Are hid in Thee, my God—
2. Calm as the changeless sea of glass, What peace it gives to me,
3. So bound by Thine own cords of love, I'll on Thine al-tar lie
4. What joy to live for Thee, my Lord, And all Thy will to do;
5. To grow each day more like Thee, Lord, By gaz-ing on Thy face;

What Wondrous Heights!

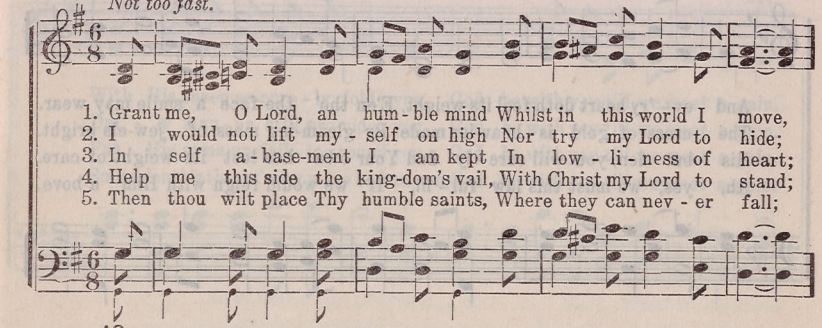


A love most glo-rious, deep and true, And as the o-cean broad.
To turn from my own chang-ing will, And rest my soul on Thee.
A liv-ing sac-ri-fice to be, And in Thy serv-ice die.
In Thee to live and think and move, And all Thy mind to know.
Un-til my will, and heart, and mind, Ab-sorb Thy per-fect grace!

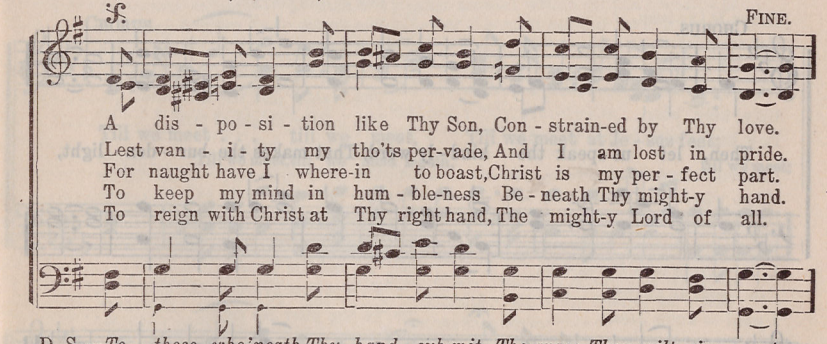
63 Like Jesus.

JAMES HAY. M. L. MCPHAIL.

Not too fast.



1. Grant me, O Lord, an hum-ble mind Whilst in this world I move,
2. I would not lift my-self on high Nor try my Lord to hide;
3. In self a-base-ment I am kept In low-li-ness of heart;
4. Help me this side the king-dom's vail, With Christ my Lord to stand;
5. Then thou wilt place Thy humble saints, Where they can nev-er fall;

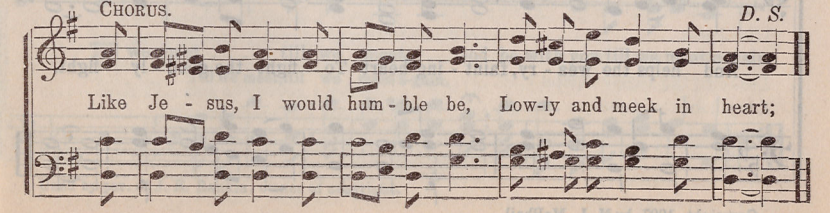


FINE.

A dis-po-si-tion like Thy Son, Con-strain-ed by Thy love.
Lest van-i-ty my tho'ts per-vade, And I am lost in pride.
For naught have I where-in to boast, Christ is my per-fect part.
To keep my mind in hum-ble-ness Be-neath Thy might-y hand.
To reign with Christ at Thy right hand, The might-y Lord of all.

D. S.—*To those who'neath Thy hand sub-mit, The grace Thou wilt im-part.*

CHORUS. D. S.



Like Je-sus, I would hum-ble be, Low-ly and meek in heart;

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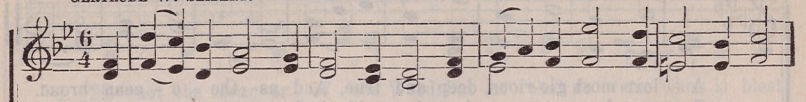
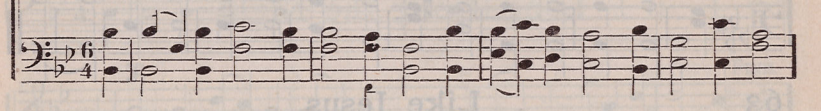
64 Bear Ye One Another's Burdens.

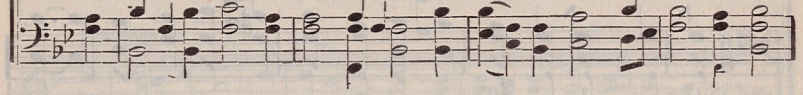
GERTRUDE W. SEIBERT. M. L. MCPHAIL.



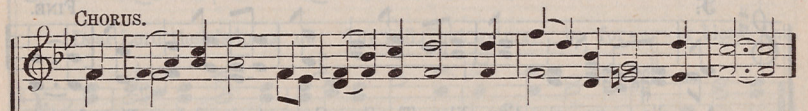
1. Like travelers toward a dis-tant land, We each some heav - y bur - den bear,
2. Nor think an - oth - er's hath no weight, Be - cause to you it seem-eth light,
3. And won - der - ful tho' it may seem, Each time you help a broth-er bear
4. "And so ful - fill the law of Christ." The law of Christ, the law of love,



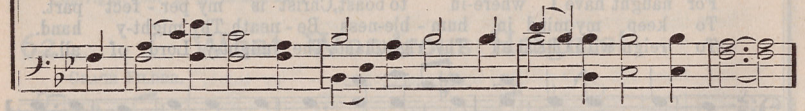
And ev - 'ry heart doth feel its weight, E'en tho' the face a smile may wear.
The cross of gold is heav-ier made By gleam-ing mass of jew-els bright.
His bur - den, you will sure - ly find Your own has lost its weight of care.
Ah, yes, we must this law ful - fil, If we would reign with Him a-bove.



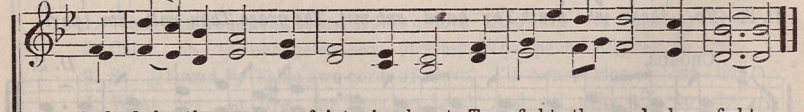
CHORUS.



Then, let us speak the kind - ly word, That makes the bur - den light,



And helps the wea - ry, faint - ing heart To fight the good - ly fight.



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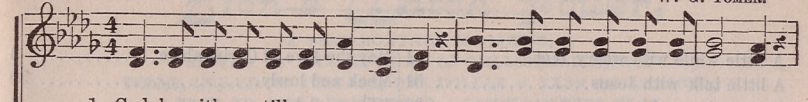
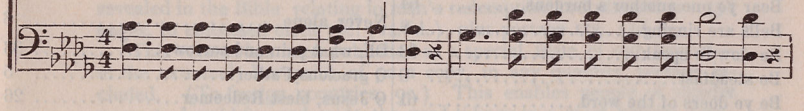
65 God Be With You.

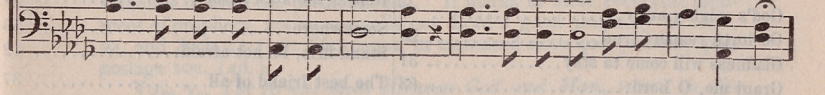
J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.



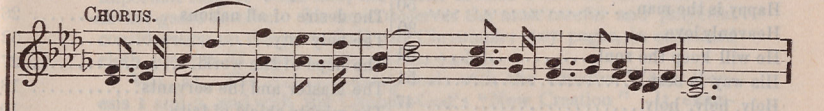
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,



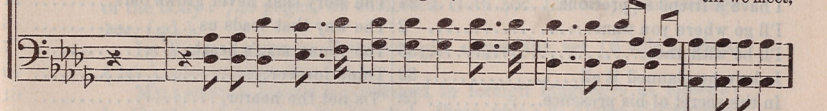
With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



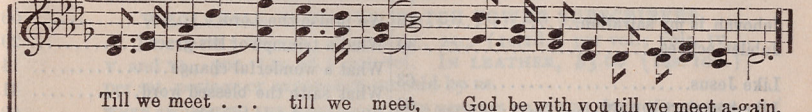
CHORUS.



Till we meet . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet;



Till we meet . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,



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